HEROES OF INDIAN HISTORY

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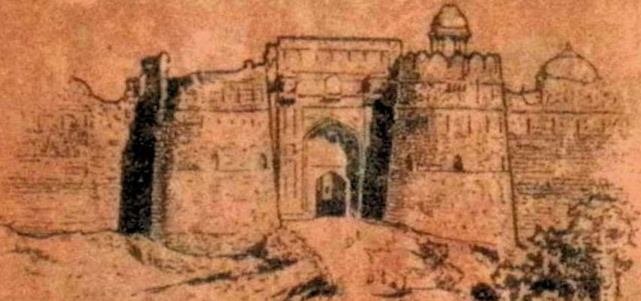
AND STORIES OF THEIR TIMES

BY

J. C. ALLEN



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நன்கொடையாளர் S. Sitaraman
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S. Sitaraman
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HEROES OF INDIAN HISTORY

A GEOGRAPHICAL STORY

WHERE is the land we live in? What is its position in the world? If you look at a map of the world you will plainly see that the land is distributed into masses. There are the continents of Africa, America, and Australia, and the combined land mass of Asia and Europe. It is in the south of Asia that India lies, and Asia is the home of many of the people who live, not only in Asia, but also in Europe. These people belong to the Aryan race. But before we read of the people who inhabit Asia let us first look more closely at our own land.

In the centre of the map of Asia you will see that there are many mountains. This is a cold, rugged region. Very different from the pleasant plains that lie to the south and west of it. These plains are occupied by the countries of India and Persia.

The centre of Asia is one high tableland. South of this tableland there are ranges of high mountains. Some of these mountains are the highest in the world. You have all read of the great mountain-range of Himalayas, the "abode of snow." This is the southernmost range of the mountains of Central Asia. To the south of it lie the warm, fertile plains of Hindustan. As you know, clouds touch the mountains and let fall their moisture upon them in the form of rain, and this causes rivers to flow down their slopes and through

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their ravines. The water tumbles down the slopes of the Himalayas. Streams meet and combine their waters, and presently large rivers are formed, which wind their way round the feet of the mountains, downwards, ever downwards, to the plains. In this way the Rivers Ganges and Indus, with their tributaries, find their way to the south, where the land is low, and flow across the great plain of Hindustan.

Where there is water, there grow grain, fruit, vegetables and trees. So Hindustan is a land where food can be grown in plenty. The most fertile part of Hindustan is Bengal. Here the rich soil that has been brought down by the rivers is deposited, and each year the monsoon brings it a plentiful supply of rain.

To the south of Hindustan the land rises again. The Vindhya Hills stand up from the plain, and south of these hills the land is high. This high land is the Deccan plateau. You know that on each side of this plateau are the mountains we name the Western and Eastern Ghats. The Western Ghats are the higher of these two ranges, so the rivers that run down their eastern slopes flow across the Deccan towards the east. They make their way through the Eastern Ghats, and across the plains to the Bay of Bengal.

Now, the Eastern Ghats are not near the sea like the Western Ghats. If we trace them on the map down the coast from north to south, we see that they gradually turn inland until a wide plain extends from them to the Bay of Bengal. This plain country is known as the Karnatic, and being well supplied with water is very fertile. The southern point of the Deccan plateau is very high indeed. It ends in the Nilgri Hills, which are really not hills at all, although they are called so, but high mountains.

There is also a fertile strip of land between the northern part of the range of Ghats on the west and the Arabian Sea. These fertile pieces of land, the great plain of Hindustan, the Karnatic, and the plains on the west (Gujerat) have been the homes of nations of people for thousands of years. We will now read about the people who inhabited them in those far distant times.

THE PEOPLE OF INDIA

THE people of the world are not all civilized like we are to-day. You all know, no doubt, that the people who are native to Africa, the negroes, are not civilized races. Such people have not even invented the art of writing, which we invented thousands of years ago. The people of India were at one time uncivilized people. Just as many tribes in Africa to-day live in the jungle and feed on what grows there, so to-day there are people who live in Indian jungles, who wear hardly any clothes, and eat what the jungle provides. They do not cultivate the land and grow grain as we do, nor do they build substantial houses to protect them from the rain. Such people are the Khonds, who live in the forests of Central India, the Bhils of Rajputana, and the hill tribes of the Nilgri Hills. We speak of all these *aboriginal* people as Kols. They were the original inhabitants of India.

Another race whose home has been India before the beginning of our history are the Dravidian people, the Telugus, the Tamils, the Kanarese, and the other people who live in the south of India. These people may have come to India at some far distant time, or they may have belonged originally to the country, as the Kols did. This we cannot now tell. The Dravidians were a much more civilized people than the Kols. They tilled the ground, grew crops and wore clothes.

You have read of the rugged nature of the country north of the Himalayas, the country of high mountains and cold winds. But although this country, generally speaking, is rugged, there are also valleys in which the sun shines warm, the birds sing, and fruit trees blossom and bear fruit. There are also plains on which the grass springs green when the rain falls on them. This region was the home of yet another people. This was the home of the Aryan people.

The Aryans were a wandering people. The nature of their country made them so. Their chief property was sheep and cattle. They wandered from valley to valley, from plain to plain, in search of grass for their flocks. These people grew in numbers. Some went west, and some came south. Some of them came over the mountains into Hindustan. What a contrast they must have found between their own bleak country and the plains of Hindustan! Is it any wonder that they settled in the Punjab, the land of the five rivers? Can we wonder that they fought against the people of India for the new country they had found?

The Aryans were a fine people, tall and of fair complexion. They were vigorous, being native to the vigorous climate of the mountains. They fought against the Kols and Dravids, and drove them further south. More and more Aryans came to Hindustan. They were no longer obliged to wander about for fresh pastures. They settled in the Punjab and grew corn. They ground the corn and made it into bread. They also ate the flesh of goats and sheep. They drank an intoxicating drink made of the soma creeper and milk. They had chariots drawn by horses in which they went to battle.

Aryan women held a high place in the household. They walked freely where they wished, and spent their lives in household duties, and in bringing up their children. The father was the head of the household, and with him lived his sons and their wives. They cultivated the land round their dwelling-place and shared the crops among them.

In course of time the Aryans grew in number. The Dravids admitted their superiority, and ceased to fight against them. They occupied southern India, where they developed into powerful and civilized kingdoms. Some of the Dravids and Kols remained in the country of the Aryans and formed the Sudra caste. Caste was not known among the Aryans when they first came to Hindustan. It grew into a system after they settled there. As the settlers grew in numbers, they divided into nations of people. The people were divided into castes. These castes were originally four in number, the Brahmans or priests, the Kshatriyas or kings and warriors, the Vaisyas, and the Sudras, who were the serfs and labourers.

Gradually the Aryans moved further south into Ayodhya, or Oudh, where they formed a powerful kingdom, and then into Bengal.

The Aryans could read and write and compose poetry.

We inherit from them the great book of hymns, the *Rig Veda*, from which we are able to gain so much knowledge of this early age. You all know some of the hymns of the Veda.

After the Aryans had formed kingdoms in Hindustan they began to make war. The story of a great war between two of the kingdoms is told in one Sanskrit classic, the *Mahabharata*, composed by the Aryans so many years ago. Another of their stories, the *Ramayana*, has also been preserved to us.

The Aryans who went west spread over Europe. Some settled in Persia, some in Arabia. A large part of the population of Europe to-day springs from the Aryans who took the westerly course and wandered into Europe.

THE STORY OF THE RAMAYANA[1]

LONG ago in the old, old land of Kosala there stood the famous city of Ayodhya. All who lived in this city were virtuous, rich, and happy. Here there were learned Brahmans, old families, and brave warriors.

The ruler of this Kingdom was King Dasaratha. But although he had every other happiness, the joy of having children was denied to him. The King asked the Brahmans what he should do to win the favour of the gods, and they advised a horse sacrifice. So a horse sacrifice was held, and much gold and silver and many cattle were given to the Brahmans. In course of time four sons were born to the King. They were named Rama, Lakshmana, Bharata, and Sarughna. Rama was the son of the King's chief wife, but Bharata was the son of his favourite wife.

In those days there lived many fierce monsters, or Rakshasas, who roamed the woods and spent their time in killing people and preventing holy ascetics and hermits, who lived in the woods, from performing their ceremonies. When Rama was sixteen years of age, a learned ascetic named Vishwamitra (Vicvamitra) urged him to set out on a journey to the woods to kill these wicked Rakshasas. So Rama set out with Vishwamitra, and his brother Lakshmana went with him too. The first Rakshasa that Rama and his brother fought against was an ogress named Taraka. Raising clouds of dust, the monster poured showers of stones upon the brothers. But Rama shot arrows so quickly from his bow that they met the stones and stopped them in mid air. Rama and Lakshmana cut off the nose, hands, and

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[1] The Ramayana and Mahabharata: These stories are a little long for a reading book of Indian history. But the author cannot make up his mind to spoil them by telling them in fewer words.

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ears of the ogress. The cunning Taraka changed her shape, but she could not hide herself from Rama, who presently laid her dead at his feet. In this way the country was delivered from this terrible ogress.

Rama and his brother and the sage, Vishwamitra, travelled on for many days, sleeping at nights with hermits, who gave them milk and food. Many were their fights, and many the Rakshasas that they killed. In course of time they reached the Kingdom of Mithila.

Now, King Janaka, who ruled this Kingdom, had a lovely daughter named Sita. He promised her in marriage to any man who could bend the great bow of Siva. Many were the princes who had tried, but all had failed. Rama now made up his mind to try.

The bow was so large and heavy that it was carried on a cart with eight wheels, which was drawn by five thousand strong people. Rama, the hero of many a fight against the terrible Rakshasas, seized the bow when it was brought to him, and not only bent but broke it. So great was the noise of the breaking bow that the people present fell to the ground.

King Dasaratha, with his other two sons, now came to Mithila to be present at Rama's marriage. Great were the rejoicings, and when the ceremony was over, Rama, with his lovely bride, returned to Ayodhya. Here also the people shouted their joy as Rama and Sita entered the city with King Dasaratha.

As years went by King Dasaratha felt himself growing old. He wished to give up the cares of ruling his kingdom, and to make Rama king in his place. When Queen Kaikeyi, the mother of Prince Bharata, heard this she was very vexed. She wished her son to become King, and not Rama.

Once, when King Dasaratha was very ill, Queen Kaikeyi nursed him, and her care and attention saved his life. He then promised her that he would grant her any three boons that she might like to ask of him.

The people of the city of Ayodhya were loud in their rejoicings when they heard that Rama was to be their King. "Rama of expansive and coppery eyes, long armed, dark blue like a lotus, a mighty bowman of matchless strength, with the gait of a mad elephant, brave, truthful, humble minded, respectful, and generous to Brahmans, and having his passions under control." What was their sorrow when they heard that the King had given way to Queen Kaikeyi's prayers, and had promised that Bharata should be King! What was their grief when they heard that their hero Rama, at the wish of Queen Kaikeyi, was to be sent into the forests for fourteen years!

But it was true, alas! The aged King, true to his old promise and overcome by the tears of his favourite wife, had consented to send Rama away. Without a word Rama made ready to obey his father. Sita, his faithful and beloved wife, would not be left behind, but went with her husband. Lakshmana, his loyal brother, also went with Rama.

All three put on the rough clothes of ascetics, made of the bark of trees, and set out on their exile, making their way towards the sacred city of Prayaga.

When they had gone King Dasaratha was so overcome with grief that he slowly died. Then Prince Bharata was summoned to be made King. But when Bharata heard that his brother Rama, the rightful King, had been sent away, he refused to take his place. "No," said he; "I will rule his Kingdom for him while he is away, but never will I take his place and be made King." Then Prince Bharata set out in search of his brother. And with him went the Court, bands of musicians, chariots, horsemen, and thousands of the people of Ayodhya riding in carts.

After a long march and many adventures, the Prince

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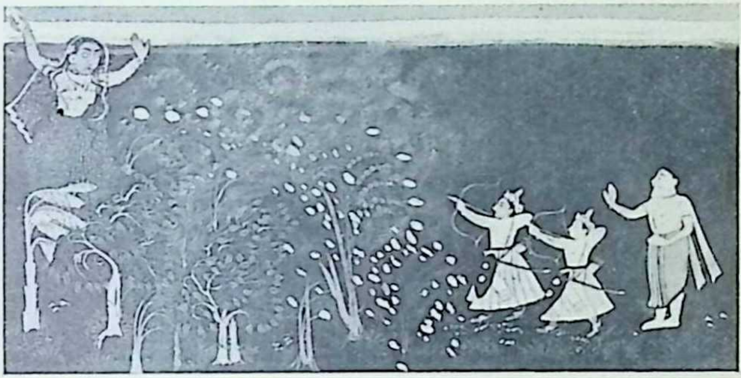
The Story of the Ramayana

found Rama seated in a cottage, his hair matted, clad in tattered cloth and bark. With him was Sita his wife, and his beloved brother Lakshmana.

When Rama heard that his father was dead he swooned with grief. Bharata begged him to return and become King of Ayodhya. But Rama would not disobey his father's commands. He had made up his mind to remain in exile, as his father had told him to.



"RAISING CLOUDS OF DUST, THE MONSTER POURED SHOWERS OF STONES UPON THE BROTHERS. BUT RAMA SHOT ARROWS."

So Bharata had to return without him, while Rama set forth on further journeyings southwards.

The years slipped away while Rama and his companions wandered in the cool, shady forests. They had many fights with man-devouring Rakshasas, and one day Sita was nearly carried away by one of these terrible monsters. However ill they fed, however poor their roof, the sweet-natured Sita made no complaint. She was happy so long as she could share her husband's fortunes, and by serving him make his exile easier. While in the forest of Dandaka a fierce giantess named Surpanakha tried to kill Sita. The brothers saved her from the giantess's clutches, and Lakshmana cut off the giantess's nose. Now, Surpanakha was the sister of Khara, who was King of a great brood of giants in this forest. He called together the whole of his followers, fourteen thousand in number, to kill the brothers and obtain revenge. They attacked Rama with clubs, darts, and nooses. Wounded many times, the hero faced the giants, sending thousands of arrows from his bow, so that the very sun was darkened.

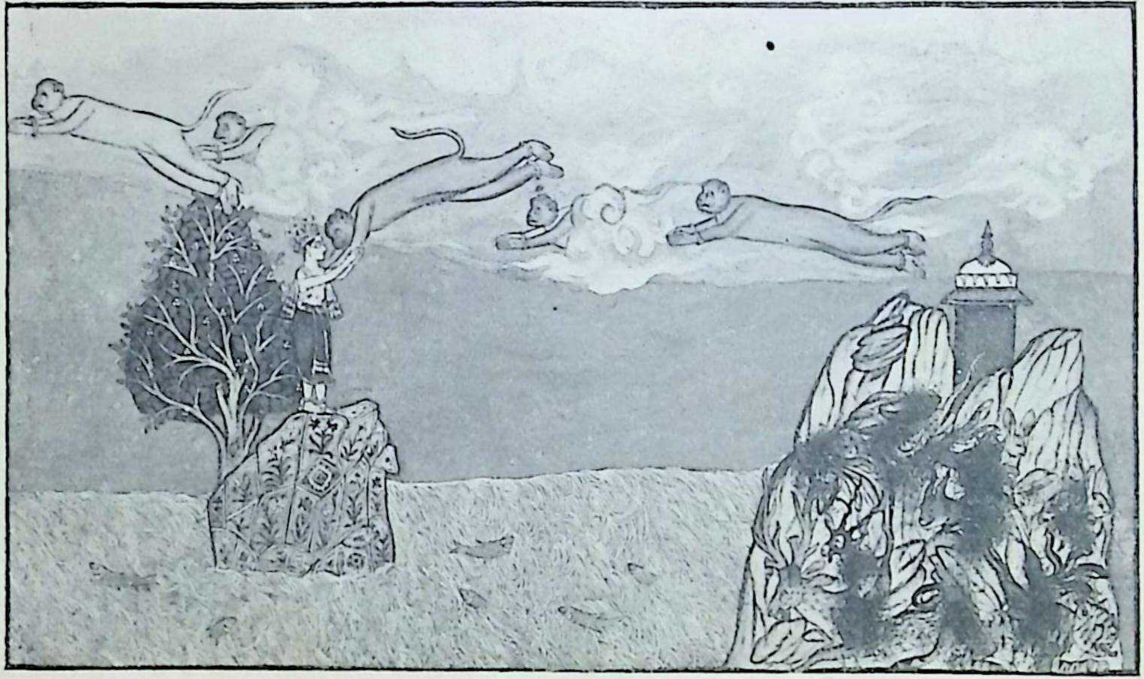
Shooting arrows with golden feathers, and hurling thunderbolts that were crescent headed, Rama slew the giants. At last, with a fiery arrow, he slew the giant King.

Now, the giantess Surpanakha was also the sister of Ravana, the demon King of Lanka. She took the news of the death of Khara to this brother. Ravana promised her to have revenge.

He had heard of Sita's beauty, and he made up his mind to steal her from Rama. First he sent one of his Rakshasas to Rama's cottage. This Rakshasa took the shape of a golden doe spotted with silver. Sita saw the doe and wanted it for her pet, so Rama set off from the cottage in chase of it, leaving Lakshmana to take care of her.

Rama was gone so long after the doe that at last Sita begged Lakshmana to go and search for him. Then she sat alone on the cottage steps waiting for the return of her husband. As she sat there weeping and watching, the demon Ravana came to her in the shape of a Sanyasi. Suddenly he took his own shape, a monster with ten heads and twenty arms, who seized her by the hair and legs, and carried her off through the air in his chariot drawn by asses.

When Rama returned to the cottage he found it empty. For many days he was mad with grief over the loss of his wife. He did not know what had become of her, or where to search for her. All this while Sita



HANUMAN AND HIS MONKEYS LEAP TO THE ISLAND OF LANKA, AND DISCOVER WHERE SITA HAS BEEN TAKEN.

was kept a prisoner by the terrible Ravana on the island of Lanka.

At last Rama met the great Hanuman, counsellor to the King of the Vanars.[1] Hanuman discovered where Sita had been taken. The King of the Vanars promised to help Rama to obtain his wife. He called together a countless army of monkeys and marched to Lanka. They built a bridge across the sea and marched over to the island.

Armed with uprooted trees, rocks, and mountain peaks the Vanars waged a terrible war against the Rakshasas of Lanka, who fought with their spears and swords. At length Rama killed the demon King Ravana with an arrow forged by Brahma himself. With what joy did the devoted Sita now rejoin her husband !

Rama and Sita, with the faithful Lakshmana, returned together to Ayodhya, for the fourteen years of exile were now over. On their return the noble Prince Bharata handed over the Kingdom to his brother.

And now it seemed that Sita's troubles were at an end, and that she would at last enjoy the love of her husband within the safe walls of Ayodhya. But people began to sneer at Rama for taking a wife who had been so long among the demons. These sneers began to prey upon Rama's mind, until at last, to please his people, he ordered Sita to return into the forest. Faithful Sita, who had shared her husband's hard fortunes when she might have remained safely amid the comforts of Ayodhya, was now sent off into the forests again. With sad steps she left her home and husband. She had no fear for herself. What hurt the loving wife most was the distrust of the husband she loved so well.

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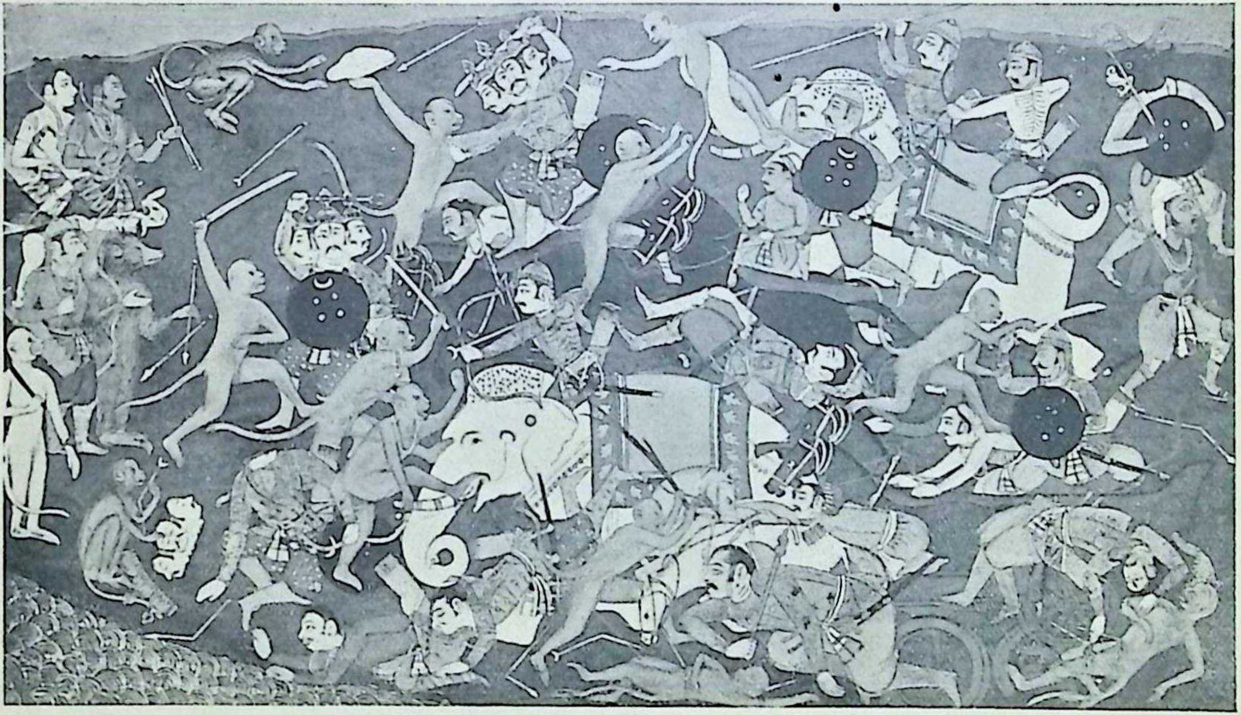
[1] The Vanars were uncivilized people, represented as monkeys.



"ARMED WITH UPROOTED TREES, ROCKS, AND MOUNTAIN PEAKS THE VANARS WAGED A TERRIBLE WAR AGAINST THE RAKSHASAS OF LANKA."

STORIES FROM THE MAHABHARATA

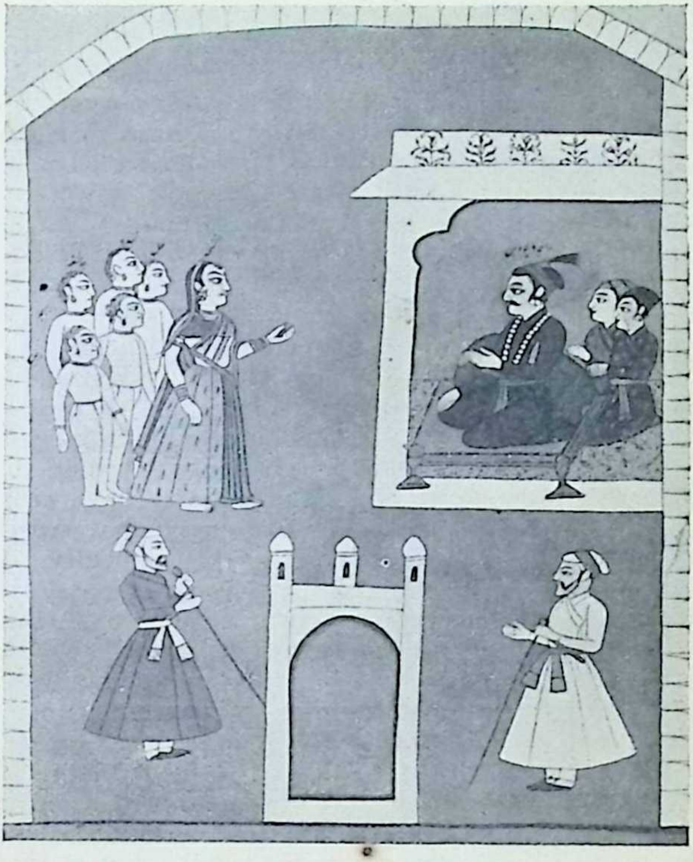
THE FIVE PANDAVAS AND THE HUNDRED KAURAVAS

MANY years ago there lived in the north of India a King who traced his descent far back from Chandra, the Moon. This King, whose name was Shantanu, was married to the lovely goddess Ganga, whose son, Deva-bratta, was destined to become the great warrior Bhishma, *the terrible*.

In course of time King Shantanu died. The son who succeeded him did not live very long, and when he died left no son to rule the kingdom. So the sage Vyasa, who wrote the *Mahabharata*, gave to the two widowed queens of the dead King each a son. The name of one was Dhritarashtra, who was blind. The other, Pandu, was born with a wonderfully fair skin.

While Pandu was yet a boy, his uncle, Bhishma, ruled the country for him. But when he grew up he married, and took over the government of the country himself. To one wife of Pandu were born three children whose fathers were gods. These were named Yudhisthira, son of Dharma; Bhima, son of Vayu; and Arjuna, son of Indra. To Pandu's other wife there were born two sons of the gods whose names were Nakula and Sahadeva. These five sons were the Five Pandavas, the heroes of the great *Mahabharata*.

Now, King Pandu, before his sons were born, had given up the throne to his blind brother Dhritarashtra. Not many years afterwards he died, and the five Pandavas made their way to his capital city, Hastinapura. Here they were received kindly by the blind King Dhritarashtra, and the five Pandavas remained at Hastinapura, living with their cousins, the hundred sons of the King. These hundred cousins were known as the Kauravas, or Kurus. The



KING DHRITARASHTRA RECEIVED THE FIVE PRINCES KINDLY AT HASTINAPURA.

Pandavas were brought up side by side with their cousins, and taught the science of war by Drona, a Brahman.

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In course of time the princes became very skilful in the use of weapons, and Drona held an exhibition for them to show their skill. The King and his courtiers sat in a golden theatre studded with pearls, while people from far and near crowded round the arena.

After they had shown their skill with sword and bow, a sham fight with maces was arranged between the Kuru prince Duryodhana and Bhima the Pandava, who was famous for his great strength. The two champions roared at each other like mad elephants, and the fight became so fierce that Drona had to step between them. Arjuna, clad in golden armour, now stepped forward with his bow. Every one was struck with the skill shown by the Pandava prince.

This exhibition was scarcely over when a new champion entered the arena. This was Karna, the son of the sun-god Suryya. Clad in the coat of shining armour in which he was born, tall and graceful, Karna entered the arena and challenged Arjuna to a combat with the bow. But who could tell that Karna's rank was high enough to engage in combat with a Pandava prince? To overcome this difficulty, the Kuru prince Duryodhana made the new-comer Rajah of Anga. Now, Duryodhana was jealous of Arjuna, and hoped that Karna would defeat him with the bow. But it was late, and before the combat could take place the sun sank into the west, and so the day ended.

THE HOUSE OF LAC

Now, the blind King, feeling that he was growing old, named as his successor the Pandava prince Yudhisthira. So jealous did this make the Kaurava brothers that they sought some means of killing their rivals. Not far from Hastinapura was the famous city of Varanavartha. This city was praised to the Pandava brothers, and the old King suggested that

Stories Around the Mahabharat

they should take a holiday and go there. Every one in Hastinapura was sorrowful when the Pandavas set out upon their journey, for they feared that no good would be done to them.

At Varanavartha the cunning Duryodhana had built a house of lac for the brothers to live in. The bamboos and straw in the building were soaked in clarified butter. It wanted but a spark to set the house in a blaze.

To this house came the five Pandavas and their mother, Kunti. But it happened that they had been warned before they left Hastinapura that evil would be done them. When they saw the house of lac they arranged to have a tunnel dug, through which they could crawl from the house. One evening Kunti fed a number of Brahmans at her house of lac. A woman and her five sons had also come uninvited to the feast. Overcome with wine the strangers lay down upon the floor. The five brothers that night locked the door of their house and set fire to it. In the morning the house was found in ashes, and among the ashes were found the bones of the six people who were overcome with wine the night before. Duryodhana and his brothers thought that these were the bones of the Pandavas and Kunti, their mother, and they rejoiced because they thought their rivals were dead. But the Pandavas were not dead. They had escaped by means of the secret passage, and, disguised as Brahmans, safely hid themselves in the forest.

HOW THE PANDAVAS WON THEIR BRIDE

Many days the Pandavas wandered in the forest. Dangers beset them on every side, and many a battle did the mighty Bhima have with fierce Rakshasas, who sought the lives of his mother and brothers. Bhima, too, with his great strength, crushed down the twining creepers and clove for them all a path through the forest.

While wandering in the forest they met the *Rishi* Vyasa, who compiled the *Mahabharata* itself. He told them that Draupadi, the beautiful daughter of the King of the Panchalas, was to hold a *swayamara*, or " choosing of a husband." Draupadi was a dark beauty. " Her eyes were black and large as lotus leaves. Her complexion was dark, and her hair was blue and curly." The young Pandavas, still disguised as Brahmans, set off to take part in the coming ceremony. The scene of the *swayamara* was a large plain, round which stood golden palaces seven storeys high, set with diamonds and hung with flowers. In these palaces lodged the kings and princes who had come to ask for the hand of the princess.

At one end of the plain stood a tall pole. On the top of this pole was a golden fish. Below the fish a *chakra*, or wheel, which constantly turned round and round. Whoever could shoot an arrow through the *chakra* into the eye of the golden fish would win the Princess Draupadi for his wife.

On the sixteenth day, led by her brother, the beautiful princess entered. She carried in her hands a golden dish with offerings to *Agni*, the god of fire, and a garland for the prince who should win her.

The contest began. Prince after prince stepped in and seized the mighty bow that lay ready for him. But not one could even bend the wood so as to string it. At last came Karna in his gleaming armour. He strung the bow with ease, and was placing an arrow on the string, when Draupadi cried, " I will not have a Suta for my husband." Now, although Karna was the son of a god, he had been brought up in a suta's (charioteer's) family. Laughing with vexation, he threw aside the bow that he had already drawn into a circle before sending the arrow at the mark.

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Many more princes tried and failed. When all the Kshatriya kings and princes had tried, Arjuna, in his Brahman disguise, came forward. Stringing the bow, as Karna had done, he placed an arrow on the string, and sent it through the *chakra* into the eye of the fish.

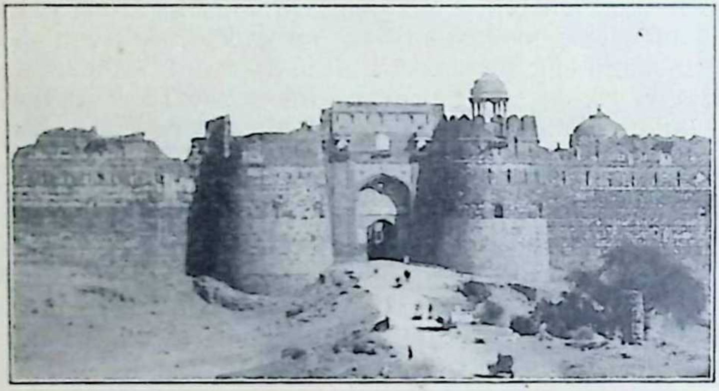
The disappointed Kshatriya princes, who had failed even to string the bow, were mad with jealousy at the success of Arjuna, who was disguised as a Brahman. They did not wish to see a Kshatriya princess wedded to a Brahman. When the King was about to hand his daughter to the victor they rushed upon him. But the Pandava prince, helped by his mighty brother Bhima, who fought with an uprooted tree, saved the King, and left the plain with the beautiful Draupadi.

Together the princes returned to their mother. While still outside their cottage they cried out to her, " We have come back with alms that we have obtained to-day." Having gone disguised as Brahmans they meant this as a joke, for the alms they spoke of was the Princess Draupadi. " Enjoy ye all what ye have obtained," replied the mother. A moment after she beheld Draupadi. " Oh, what have I said ! " cried she. But Draupadi was fated to be a wife to all the five brothers. Neither she nor her father the King liked the idea of a five-fold marriage at first. But the sage Vyasa himself explained that this marriage had been arranged by destiny, and then all were content. So Draupadi was led round the sacred fire on five nights by each brother in turn, and in this way the Pandavas were married to their beautiful wife. Many were the wonderful presents given at the marriage, and Draupadi and her husbands went to live at Indra-prastha.

How King Yudhisthira held a Horse Sacrifice

Now, King Yudhisthira wished to hold a great sacrifice that would declare him lord of Kings. But he could not do this, because there was still one King who was as mighty as he. This was King Jarasandha, who ruled at Mathura, which was the capital of his Kingdom of Magadha. King Jarasandha was a mighty warrior who held eighty princes in captivity.

Now, it happened that their kinsman, the great Krishna, was staying at Indra-prastha with the Pandava princes. Wishing to help them, Krishna set forth with Arjuna and Bhima, all disguised as Brahmans, for the Kingdom of Magadha. When they reached Mathura, they made themselves known to King Jarasandha, and told him that they had come to slay him, because he was cruelly going to offer up his captives as sacrifices to the god *Rudra*. They challenged King Jarasandha to combat. The fearless King of Magadha accepted the challenge, and agreed to fight a single combat with the hero Bhima.



THE WALLS OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF INDRA-PRASTHA, JUST OUTSIDE THE MODERN CITY OF DELHI, BUILT OF SOLID BLOCKS OF STONE.

On the day of the combat people flocked into Mathura. Neither of the heroes fought with any weapon. For thirteen days the fight went on. The

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combatants did not stop for food or rest. At last the brave King Jarasandha's back was broken upon Bhima's knee.

Now, there was no longer any reason why the great sacrifice should not be held, and King Yudhisthira sent forth his four brothers in every direction to collect tribute from all the Rajahs of Hindustan. Princes flocked to Indra-prastha, where the sacrifice was held with great splendour.

How the Pandavas lost a Kingdom

The success of the Pandavas caused much jealousy among the Kaurava princes. They sought some means by which they might ruin their rivals. Together they made a cunning plan. They built a wonderful hall of crystal arches, two miles square, decorated with gold, upheld by a thousand pillars, and having a hundred gates. When the hall was ready they held a feast, and invited all the princes to come to it. During the feast they challenged the princes to a friendly gambling match.

King Yudhisthira disliked gambling, but being a Kshatriya he could not refuse a challenge, and so was obliged to accept. Fortune went against him in the gambling hall. He lost and lost again to the Kauravas. Money, jewels, war elephants, slaves, all were lost by the turn of the dice. He staked his four brothers, and lost them, then himself, and finally their wife, the beautiful Draupadi; each in turn was lost to the Kauravas by a throw of the dice. At last the match was ended. Draupadi was dragged into the hall, and insulted by the speech of the Kauravas before all men. Bhima ground his teeth with rage, and swore that he would break the thigh of Duryodhana, but for the present the Kauravas were triumphant. And while these things were going on in the public hall, a jackal howled in the apartments of the Kaurava King.

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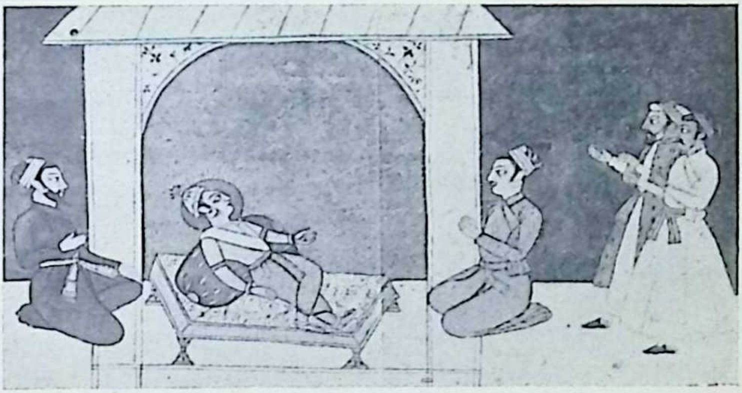
Then were the Pandavas once more stripped of their wealth. Leaving their mother, Kunti, in charge of a friend, they set forth once more with their wife, Draupadi, into the forest. As they went, Bhima threw out his long, mighty arms, and glared at the Kauravas with angry eyes, and Draupadi spread her black locks over her face and wept.

THE GREAT WAR

The years sped by, and the period of the Pandavas' exile drew to a close. When the thirteenth year had gone, both Kauravas and Pandavas prepared for a great and final war. Both sides sought the help of the illustrious Krishna, who lay on his bed in the city of Dwaraka. By his side, at the head of the bed, sat Duryodhana, while at the foot sat Arjuna. Both watched the prince as he slept. When Krishna woke, his opening eyes first fell on Arjuna at his feet. On hearing the rival princes' errand, he gave Arjuna, whom he had first seen, the choice of having himself or his army of a hundred million men to aid him. Arjuna chose to have Krishna's aid. And so it was settled, Krishna taking the side of the Pandavas. In course of time the mighty hosts assembled near the city of Thaneswar, on the great plain of Kurukshetra. Commanding the Kaurava host was the aged and terrible Bhishma. While Karna, in his gleaming armour, also opposed the Pandavas. The most bitter of their foes was Duryodhana, who could not be content till either he or the Pandavas were dead.

The Kauravas had the greater army, but Arjuna the bowman and Bhima the strong were an army in themselves, and the Pandavas were helped by the wisdom of the great Krishna. Chariots, elephants, foot-soldiers, and horse-soldiers marched over the plain. On every side could be seen piles of weapons, arrows, bow-strings, battle-axes, lances, maces, poisoned darts and lassoes. There was also hot oil and treacle ready to be poured on the soldiers, and pots of deadly serpents to spread dismay and confusion among the close ranks of men.

When the battle was about to begin, Arjuna begged Krishna to put his chariot between the two armies. Thence he looked first at one army and then at the other. He admired the beauty of the scene as the warriors stood with gleaming weapons and pennons flying, and then pictured the terrible slaughter that was about to follow. He half wished to leave the battle unfought and retire. But Krishna conversed with him and chased away his doubts, and the words then spoken were the words of the *Bhagavad Gita*.



"AT THE HEAD OF THE BED SAT DURYODHANA, WHILE AT THE FOOT SAT ARJUNA."

So the battle began, and waged furiously for eighteen long days. The arrows darkened the very sky, so thickly did they fly. *Mantras* were spoken over weapons to give them force and power. Heroes were pierced by many arrows, but disdaining pain, continued the fight, while the blood flowed from their wounds. One warrior's forehead was pierced with three arrows that stuck straight out. The terrible Bhima licked the corners of his mouth like a lion in the forest, and roaring, with blows of his club, crushed chariots and elephants. Arjuna with his bow killed multitudes of men, while Yudhisthira, so wise in the council chamber, raged with fury.

Bhishma and Drona, on the other hand, killed countless warriors of the Pandava army. The trampling of men, the screams of wounded horses, the twang of bow strings, the blare of trumpets, and the bellows of wounded elephants mingled together in one continuous roar. Only when night fell did it cease, and give place to the howls of jackals upon the field of battle. What a scene did the sun reveal when it rose! Dead elephants, men and horses, blood-stained armour, broken spears and banners strewn across the field.

After many days of battle, the hero Arjuna pierced the aged warrior Bhishma with arrows that stuck out all over his body. Bhishma fell from his chariot, but so closely were the arrows stuck in him, that they held him above the ground.

Drona now led the Kauravas and pressed the Pandavas hard. So hardly were they pressed on one occasion that Krishna had to obscure the sun. Thinking that night had fallen the Kauravas withdrew. Then Arjuna attacked them and slaughtered many.

Drona died during the battle, and the golden warrior Karna was overthrown by Arjuna. At the end of the eighteenth day there were only four Kauravas left alive. Duryodhana was killed in a combat with clubs by Bhima. The war was at last over, and the victorious Pandavas entered Hastinapura. King Yudhisthira now ascended the throne of his forefathers, and performed the horse sacrifice in the presence of Krishna.

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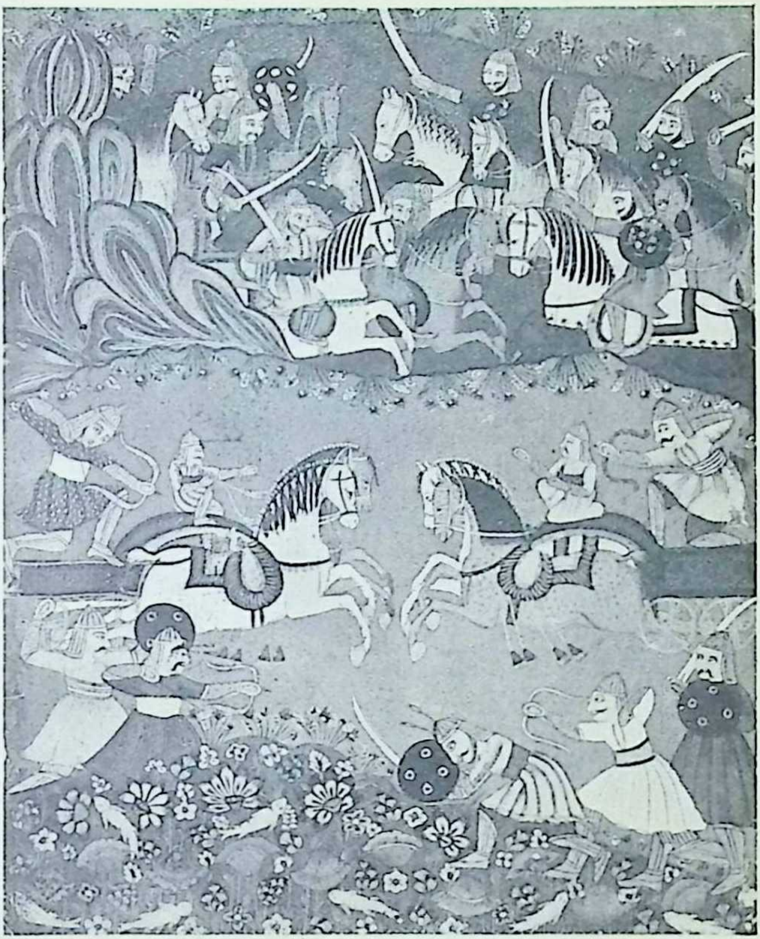

"ONE WARRIOR'S FOREHEAD WAS PIERCED WITH THREE ARROWS THAT STUCK STRAIGHT OUT."

Great was the splendour, and gold, jewels, cows, and elephants were given away on every side.

AFTERWARDS

Years after the war, the Pandavas visited the blind and aged Maharajah Dritarashtra in his hermitage in the jungle. They talked together of old friends and kinsfolk they had lost in the great war. While they were talking on these sad subjects the *Rishi* Vyasa appeared among them, and promised to show them the friends they mourned. After bathing in the Ganges, they stood on the bank of the sacred river and watched it flow by their feet. Suddenly they heard a great noise. The water foamed and bubbled, and from the depths rose those who were dead, clad in full armour, in chariots, to the clash of music. Those who still lived talked to those risen from the dead till morning came, and then the ghostly visitors departed.

Two years after this the old King died. The Pandavas lost Krishna, too, who had been so good a friend to them. Left alone, the five Pandavas turned their steps to Mount Meru, the abode of the gods. One behind another the five brothers walked, the eldest leading and the youngest last. Behind them walked Draupadi, " with soft dark face and lustrous eyes," and with them went their faithful dog. In this manner the five brothers left the abode of men.

THE PRINCE WHO SOUGHT ENLIGHTENMENT

MORE than two thousand years ago there lived a King, whose Kingdom lay in the shadow of the Himalayas. This was the Kingdom of the Sakya people. Now, this

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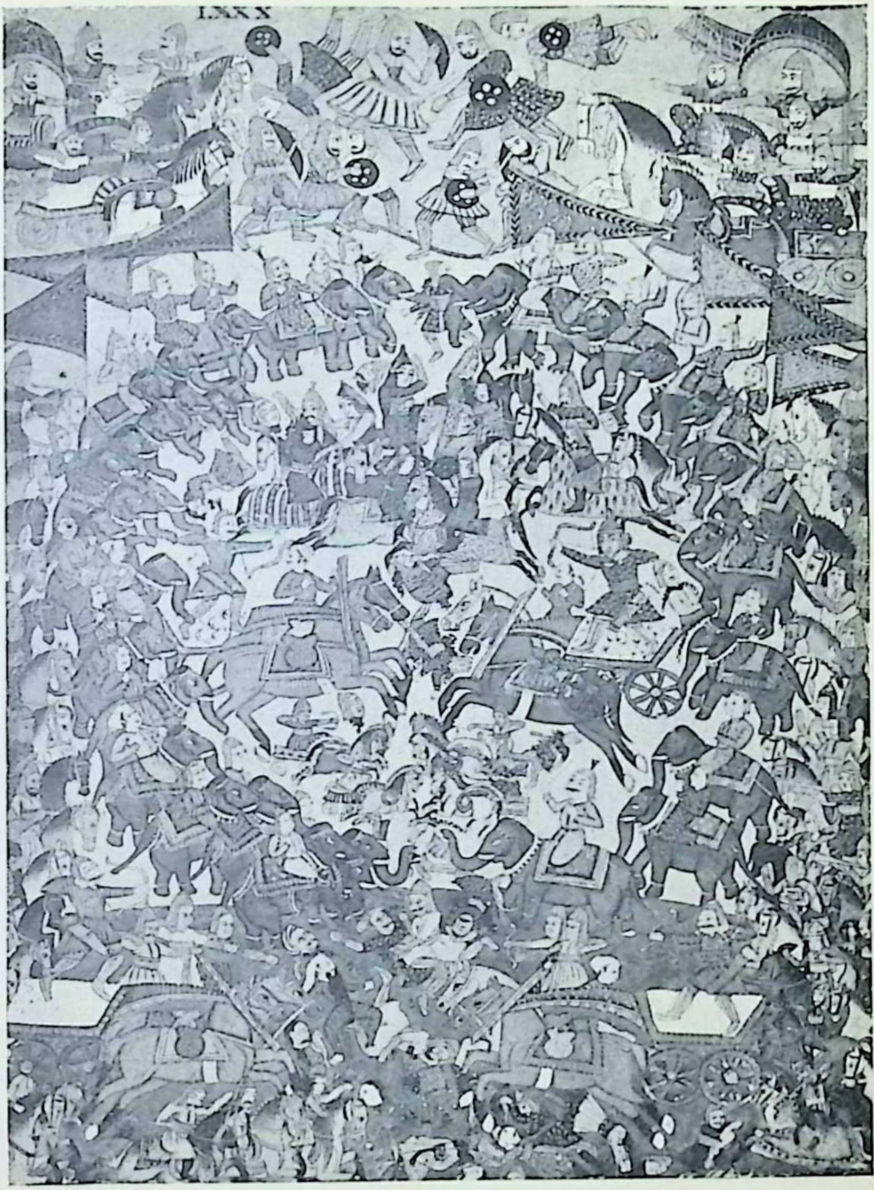

THE GREAT WAR.

King had a son whose name was Gautama, and he wished his son to become a warrior like himself. The young prince grew up to manhood, brave and skilful with weapons. But he was quiet and thoughtful, and shunned all noisy companions. When he reached manhood, Gautama won his wife in a contest with many kings and princes. But although brave and strong, he had no love for war. He loved rather to see people happy in their work. He loved, too, to see the patient horses and oxen, who worked for men and could not speak their troubles, kindly treated and well fed.

Sometimes he drove into the city with his father. There he saw wealth by the side of poverty, and much distress and misery. He wondered why it was that some people should be born rich and others poor. But he noticed also that it was not the rich who were always happy, nor the poor who were always miserable. Yet, whether rich or poor, there were many who lived selfish lives. There were many who were cruel to those who could not defend themselves. Gautama grew so sorry for those who were wretched, that he spent more and more of his time thinking of how all might be unselfish and happy. At last he made up his mind to leave his home, his father, mother, wife and child, and everything that was dear to him, to spend his life in bettering his fellow-men.

He cut his long warrior hair, exchanged clothes with a poor beggar, and went alone into the forest.

For seven long years Gautama remained in the forest, eating little food, and ever seeking a way of curing the sins and sorrows of the world. At last, overcome by want of food, and hopeless of finding what he sought, he fell senseless to the ground. When he awoke, he was *enlightened*. He saw a way of doing good to the world. He felt that peace of mind could only be obtained by leading a good life, and doing good

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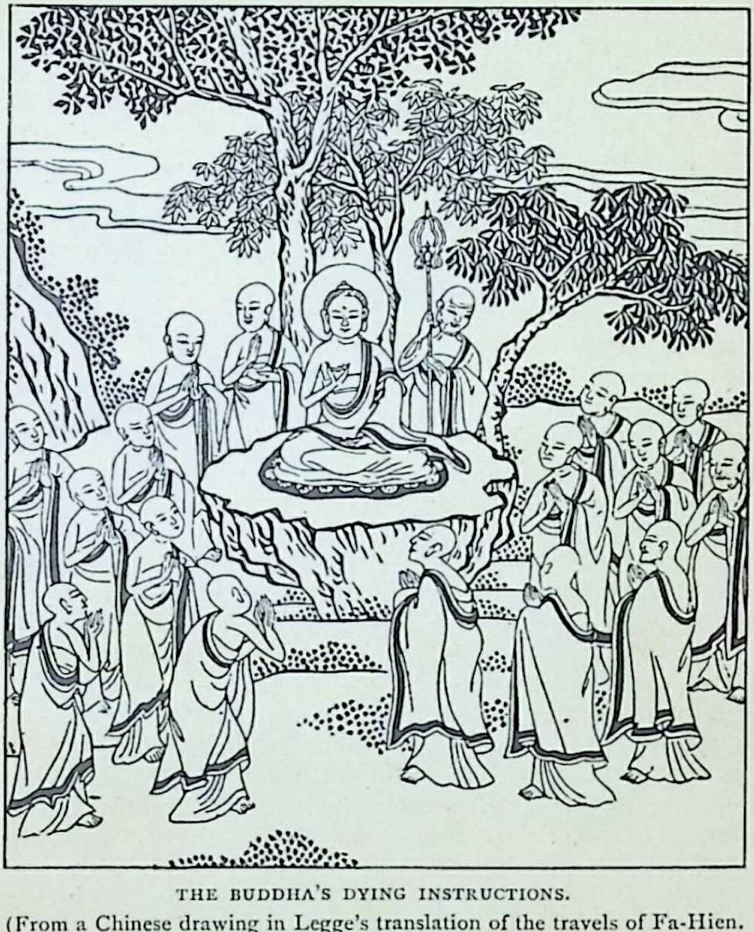
to others. He gave up self-torture, and preached a new religion. When Gautama gave up self-torture



THE BUDDHA'S DYING INSTRUCTIONS.

(From a Chinese drawing in Legge's translation of the travels of Fa-Hien. By kind permission of the Clarendon Press.)

his disciples no longer believed in him, and left him. This desertion deeply grieved Gautama. He longed to return to his wife and family, and to the home that was dear to him. He sat under the famous Bo tree and long considered what he should do. But at last he overcame his weakness, and went to Benares to seek his five disciples and proclaim the truth to them. In a deer park at Benares, Gautama told them of the great truths that were revealed to him. His disciples were converted, and once again joined their master. Gautama now gained many followers, whom he sent far and wide to preach this brave, good faith. He took the name of "Buddha," which means "the enlightened," and taught people to be good and kind to one another, and kind and good to animals. He taught that all men would obtain *Nirvana* if they lived pure, good, and pious lives, and spoke nothing but the truth. Gautama visited his own city and there saw his beloved wife, who became converted to his religion.

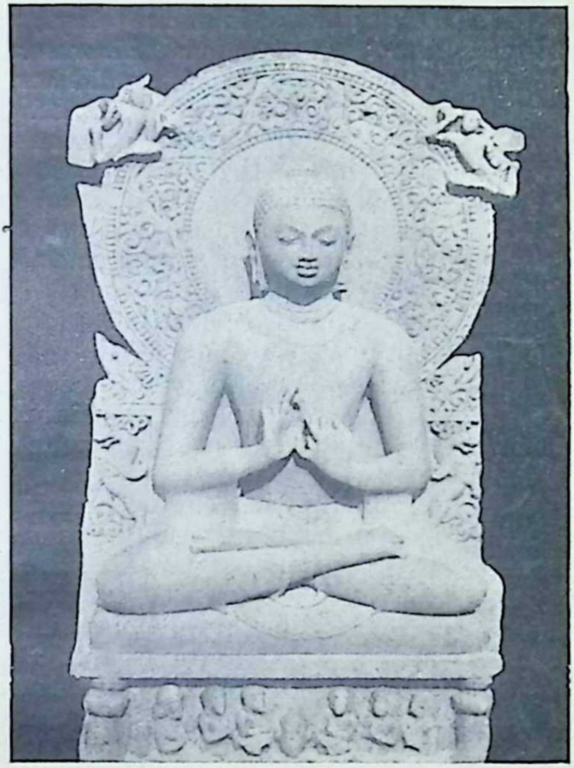
The religion that Gautama taught became known as Buddhism. Many years after he died, an Indian emperor became a follower of this great and good teacher, and spread his religion far and wide in India, and to distant countries beyond the sea.

The place where Gautama became "the Buddha" is known as Bodh-Gaya (that is, Buddha-Gaya).

MAHAVIRA

Another great preacher who preached about this time was Vardhamana, known as Mahavira, "the great hero." While Guatama was preaching in Magadha, Mahavira was preaching a similar faith in the same country. But whereas Guatama gave up self-torture, Mahavira practised it, and only reached *Nirvana* after many years of penance. After Mahavira had preached for some time he took the name of Jaina, "the victorous," from which title the religion he founded has taken its name.

Mahavira forbade lying, and because he believed that all creatures had souls, he reverenced animal life. His disciples kept hospitals for animals, and in these animal hospitals even vermin were taken care of.



THE BUDDHA.
(Photograph from a figure found in the buried city of Sarnath, near Benares.)

There are to-day in India many followers of the faith preached by the great teacher Mahavira in the ancient kingdom of Magadha so many years ago.

THE BATTLE OF THE HYDASPES

How King Alexander invaded Hindustan

The greatest King in Europe, in ancient days, was the Greek King, Alexander of Macedon. He was tall, and strong, and handsome, and rode a splendid horse that was almost as dear to him as a friend. The King was a great warrior. He trained his armies to fight so well, and won so many victories, that wherever he led his men they would gladly follow.

King Alexander conquered nearly all the countries that were known to him and his countrymen, and at last he gathered together a large army and set forth to conquer Hindustan. To reach India he had to march across the wide lands of Persia, and over the cold, bleak hills of Afghanistan. This wanted great courage, for Greece is a mild country where food is plentiful, and the Greeks were not used to the cold and want of food of the Himalayas.

But King Alexander gloried in overcoming difficulties. At the head of his brave army he won victory after victory, crossed the Himalayas, and at last reached the bank of the River Indus, the river that alone lay between him and Hindustan. King Alexander's army set to work and built a bridge across the swiftly flowing stream, at Ohind, near the town of Attock. He then marched over the bridge into India.

The first city to submit to the Grecian army was Taxila, one of the greatest cities of India in those far-off days. King Alexander hoped that the other Indian kings who ruled over Kingdoms would also submit without fighting. Now it happened that at this time there was a great warrior king in India, who ruled over a kingdom that lay between the Rivers Chenab

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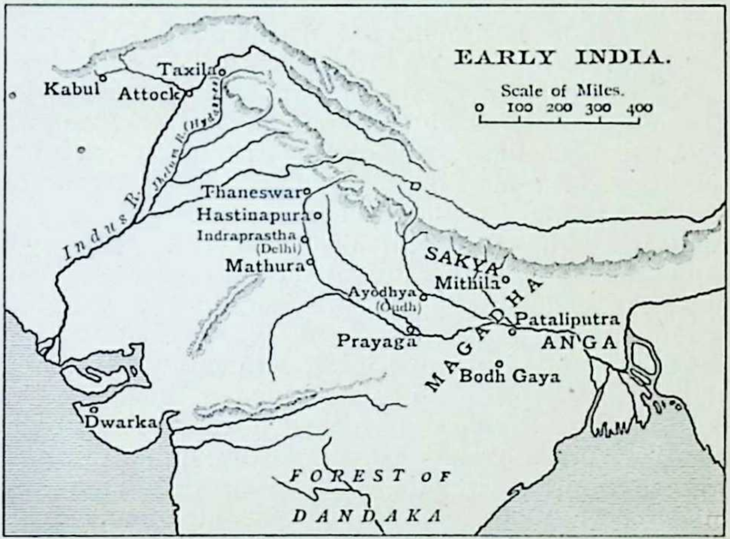
and Jhelum. This kingdom contained the great cities of Hastinapur and Delhi.

When this King heard that a conquering army had entered India, he called together all his friends and the chiefs of his kingdom to fight the invaders. As soon as the army was ready he marched to the Jhelum to prevent the Greeks from entering his Kingdom.


EARLY INDIA.
Scale of Miles.
0 100 200 300 400
Kabul
Taxila
Attock
Jhelum R. (Hydaspes)
Indus R.
Thaneswar
Hastinapura
Indraprastha (Delhi)
Mathura
SAKYA
Mithila
MAGADHA
Ayodhya (Oudh)
Pataliputra
Prayaga
ANGA
Bodh Gaya
Dwarka
FOREST OF DANDAKA

Alexander, meanwhile, had marched his army to the other bank of the river, which he named Hydaspes. There the two armies stood, with pennons flying, while between them flowed the yellow Jhelum, swollen with the melting snows. In the army of the Indian King were two hundred war elephants, and three hundred chariots drawn by four horses.

King Alexander saw that he could not cross the river in the face of the mighty war elephants that stood swinging their trunks and trumpeting on the other bank. His men feared the strange, huge creatures, the like of which they had never seen before. So in the darkness of night part of his army marched up the stream some sixteen miles, and there crossed, without King Porus knowing anything about it. When King Porus heard in the morning that the Greeks had crossed, he marched his well-ordered ranks over the plain. On either wing of his army were the chariots and horse soldiers, while in the centre marched the famous Indian bowmen and swordsmen on foot, sheltered by the war elephants. The Greek foot soldiers began the battle in the way that made them famous the world over. Placing shield to shield they advanced like a moving wall, with spears at rest, while on either side of the foot soldiers rode archers on horseback. The warrior King Porus, mounted on a huge elephant, trampled through the Greek ranks. But the trained men of Alexander would not give way, and at last the Indian King was wounded and taken prisoner, and the Indian army fled.

The wounded Indian King was taken to Alexander. When the Greek King asked him how he wished to be dealt with, he proudly replied in these words only, "as a King." King Alexander, a brave man himself, was so pleased with the bravery of this conquered monarch that he gave him back his kingdom. From that day onward King Alexander had no truer friend than the brave King Porus.

King Alexander stayed in India scarcely two years. His army grew tired of conquests, and so the King returned to his own country in Europe.

THE FIRST EMPEROR OF HINDUSTAN

In the days of Alexander there were many kingdoms in northern India. The largest and most powerful of these kingdoms was Magadha. The capital city of the kingdom was Pataliputra (Patna), where the mighty *Nanda*, King of Magadha, held his Court. King Alexander did not reach Magadha, but nearly every other kingdom fell before his victorious army.

In Magadha there lived a young man named Chandragupta, who was connected with the royal house of Nanda, who ruled the Kingdom of Magadha. This young prince was of low caste, but he was a fearless and clever man.

When King Alexander departed from India, he left behind him generals and armies who ruled the Indian kingdoms he had conquered. Not many years after Alexander had gone, the news reached India that he was dead. Chandragupta hated to see foreigners ruling old Indian kingdoms, and when he heard that their great King was dead, he resolved to drive the Greek generals out of India.

He was so strong and fearless that many Indian princes joined him, and his army was soon large enough to defeat the Greeks. Then with his army he marched to Magadha, and snatched the throne from the Nanda King.

Chandragupta had now become King of Magadha. He had a large army, and soon he conquered all the kingdoms in northern India and made them his own. From his city of Pataliputra he ruled his great empire sternly but well. His palace was full of beautiful things. There were golden vines trailing over the walls, and pretty silver birds. The Emperor sat upon a magnificent chair of state. He drank from basins of gold. The copper bowls of his household were set with precious stones. Such wealth had never been seen before at the Court of an Indian king.

The Greeks who had been driven away found safety in a Greek kingdom that King Alexander had founded, north of the Hindu Kush. This kingdom was called Bactria and was ruled over by a great Greek

Emperor named Seleucus Nikator (the Conqueror). King Seleucus attacked India with a large army, but was defeated by Chandragupta, who won from him the Punjab and Kabul. King Chandragupta's Empire became known as the Maurya Empire, the King's full name being Chandragupta Maurya.

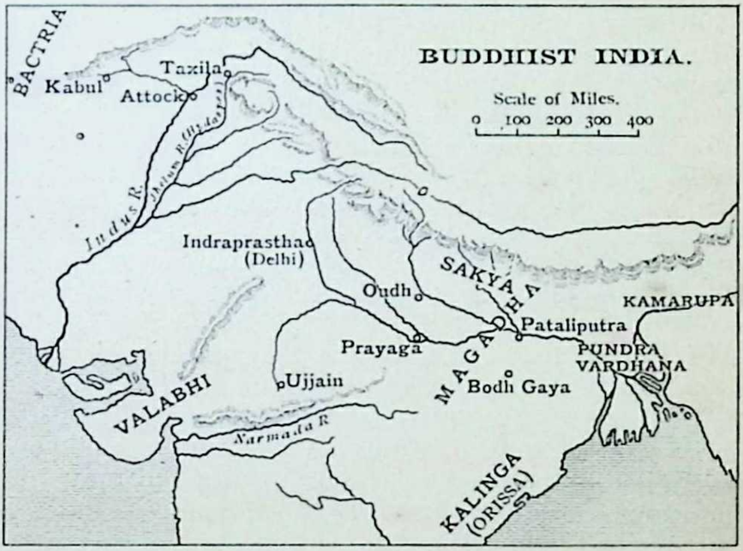
The Ambassador of the Kingdom of Bactria in Hindustan was named *Megasthenes*. He lived for many years at Pataliputra, and described in a book the manners of the people. Greek writers quoted passages from this book in their own works, and although Megasthenes' book is lost, much of his knowledge of India of two thousand years ago can be read to-day in the words of other ancient Greek writers.

THE STORY OF A GOOD AND PIOUS KING

In the far-off days of which we are reading, men were more fierce than they are to-day. If a man stole, his nose was cut off for punishment. If a man did not pay his tax to the government, his punishment was death. In war time many terrible acts were committed. Tender women and little children, who had nothing to do with war, were killed by the fierce soldiers. Even the Greeks, the most civilized people of those days, were known to kill women and children in the excitement of war.

Now, some years after Chandragupta's death, his grandson, Asoka, came to the throne in Magadha. Asoka was a good prince, but he was ambitious to conquer other countries and add them to his kingdom. His father and grandfather had both been conquerors, and he wished to conquer too. To the south of the Magadha Empire a little kingdom still remained unconquered. It had its own King, its own capital, and its own little army. This was the kingdom of Kalinga, or Orissa.

King Asoka wished to increase his Empire, and so he, with his mighty army, invaded the kingdom of Kalinga. How proud the young King must have been of his brave soldiers as he marched at their head! What glory he hoped to gain in the war!


BUDDHIST INDIA.
Scale of Miles.
0 100 200 300 400
BACTRIA
Kabul
Taxila
Attock
Jhelum R. (Hydaspes)
Indus R.
Indraprastha
(Delhi)
SAKYA
Oudh
MAGADHA
Pataliputra
KAMARUPA
Prayaga
PUNDRA VARDHANA
Bodh Gaya
Ujjain
VALABHI
Narmada R.
KALINGA
(ORISSA)

The little kingdom was conquered, but the King found little glory in the conquest. Where was the glory of fighting a poor little kingdom that could not resist? Where, indeed, the glory of ending the lives of so many kindly, homely people? Or of destroying the crops of the peaceful villagers?

The kind-hearted King, instead of rejoicing in the victory, felt very sad at the misery he had caused. He made up his mind never again to enter into war.

It was this war that caused him to think more deeply about religion. He now understood the beauty and truth of the faith that had been taught by Gautama the Buddha, and so King Asoka became a Buddhist.

So anxious was the King that other people should profit by this kindly and good religion, that he sent preachers to preach it in foreign countries. In his own country he caused the good, wise commands of the Buddha to be graven upon stone in all parts of his kingdom, so that the people might read. Some of these edicts were carved upon rocks, some were carved on the walls of caves, and some on stone pillars. The edicts were written in the Pali language, which was the language of Hindustan at that time. Asoka caused wells to be dug by the roadside for the weary traveller, and built hospitals where those who were sick might receive attention.

This good King also had a warm place in his heart for animals. He built hospitals for them too. He bade children love and respect their parents. Everywhere in his Empire there was a spirit of rest and contentment, and love and good feeling. Well may this King be named Asoka the Good.

THE TRAVELS OF FA-HIEN

You have read how King Asoka sent missionaries to foreign countries to teach the faith of the Buddha. Some of these missionaries went to China, and that great country welcomed them, and a great many of the Chinese became followers of the Buddha.

There was one earnest, good man to whom the

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beautiful faith of Gautama appealed so strongly that he made up his mind to visit the country in which the Buddha had been born. This devout and earnest Chinaman was named Fa-Hien. In those days a journey from one country to another was no light task. Ships were small, and there was poor and little food, and no comfort at all upon them. So they had to follow the coast, and dare not venture far into the open sea. Near the shore there was the danger of rocks and shipwreck. The seas in those days also were scoured by pirates. A long and tedious journey through the wild and rugged countries that lie between China and India was as dangerous as a sea voyage. The journey alone from China to India was in those days a great adventure.

Then, when Fa-Hien arrived in India, how did he know that the people would not kill him? He did not know that the people of India had always been noted for their hospitality and kindly feelings to strangers. He could know little, if any, of Indian languages. But because his spirit and courage were high, he ventured all these things, and safely journeyed over the mountains.

Now, Fa-Hien was not only a devout Buddhist, but he was also a scholar, for he came from a land where learning is held in high esteem. Wherever he went he wrote an account of what he had seen. He stayed a long time in the various Indian Kingdoms, for he was received everywhere with kindness. After all the ages that have passed since then of what value must his books be to-day! Millions of men have lived and died and are forgotten, yet Fa-Hien's narrative still remains a record of that ancient time.

Fa-Hien visited the kingdom of Magadha, which was still the most important in northern India, and was known as the Middle Kingdom. We read how under the Emperor Chandragupta Maurya the laws were very

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strict and the punishments cruel. But now Fa-Hien tells us, when he visited Magadha, the laws were mild. Everywhere there were Buddhist monasteries. The monks were given money by the government to supply the poor with food and clothes.

Fa-Hien saw the palace of Asoka, which was still a very beautiful building, although at this time King Asoka had been dead more than six hundred years. The kindly acts of the good King had borne good fruit, for after six hundred years his country was still living in peace and contentment.

Magadha was ruled over by one of the greatest of Indian Kings when Fa-Hien visited it. This King was named Chandragupta Vikramaditya. At his Court there were the great writers and scientists spoken of as the "nine gems." The most famous of these was Kalidasa, the great Sanskrit poet. Seven hundred years had passed by since the first Chandragupta, the grandfather of Asoka, ruled over Magadha. Chandragupta Vikramaditya was a Hindu, and yet he gave money to Buddhist monasteries. What a happy, contented country Magadha must have been, when the two religions helped one another like this, and strove side by side in the good work of charity!

During the reign of this great King many great men lived. The poet Kalidasa wrote the poetry and dramas which are as famous to-day as when they were written. He is one of the "Nine Gems" of Vikramaditya's Court. This was the age when the Sanskrit language was at its highest level of perfection. Learned men also studied the stars and wrote books of astronomy. Others wrote philosophy and history.

Fa-Hien studied Sanskrit three years at Pataliputra. After a visit of eleven years, spent in travelling over northern India, laden with writings, he returned by sea to his own country of China.

P. S

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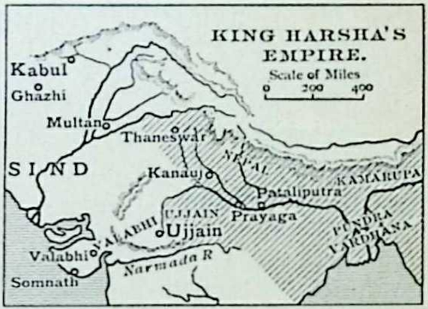
WHAT HUIEN-TSANG SAW IN INDIA

KING HARSHA, THE ROYAL SCHOLAR

IN the seventh century (A.D.) India was divided into two great empires. In northern India there were then many kingdoms, just as there always have been. There was the kingdom of Valabhi in the west, where Gujarat now lies. In the east there was the kingdom of Kamarupa, which we now know as Assam. There was the kingdom of Ujjain in central India, and the kingdom of Pundra-Vardhana in Bengal. But, over all the Kings who ruled the kingdoms of northern India sat the great Emperor, Harsha, in his city of Kanauj.


KING HARSHA'S EMPIRE.
Scale of Miles
0 200 400
Kabul
Ghazhi
Multan
Thaneswar
NEPAL
SIND
Kanauj
Pataliputra
KAMARUPA
UJJAIN
Prayaga
VALABHI
Ujjain
PUNDRA VARDHANA
Valabhi
Narmada R
Somnath

King Harsha's Court was a centre of learning, for the King was not only a patron of learning, but it is said that he was an author himself. He was a deep scholar, and loved learning, and many great writers lived and wrote books at Kanauj, encouraged by the royal scholar who ruled over them.

During King Harsha's reign India was visited by a very learned Chinese pilgrim named Huien-Tsang. Huien-Tsang came overland to India through the northern Kingdoms of Balkh and Kabul. After spending more than ten years in gathering Buddhist relics in India, he was about to depart from the Court of King Kumara of Assam, where he was staying, when he received a command from King Harsha to attend his Court.

In the month of January King Harsha, attended by twenty lesser kings, and accompanied by Huien-Tsang, journeyed to the city of Prayaga. This was the sixth great festival of the King's reign. Both the Ganges and Jumna rivers were low, for no snow was melting on the mountains. On the sands which were left uncovered by the fallen water were assembled thousands of people.

On the first day honour was paid to the image of Buddha, and rich presents were given. On the second day honours were paid to the Sun. On the third day the god Siva received like honour.

For five long years riches had been collected and stored for the festival. These now filled several hundred storehouses. Everything was given away to the holy men, whether Brahman, Jain, or Buddhist. The King gave away gems, golden bracelets, necklets set with precious stones, everything he had except his elephants, horses, and arms.

The festival, which had opened with a procession of rajahs, continued for seventy-five days. The assembly was then broken up, and Huien-Tsang departed upon his homeward journey. First of all, however, he accepted the gift of a fur-lined cape from Kumara, the King of Assam, and three thousand gold pieces packed on an elephant from the Emperor. A rajah, with a bodyguard of soldiers, by the Emperor's orders, saw the pilgrim safely on his way. Huien-Tsang took back to China twenty horses laden with Buddhist books and relics of the Buddha.

KING PULIKESIN

King Harsha was a great Emperor. At a word from him countless warriors sprang to their arms. His generals were brave, and at a wave of his hand the wealth of kingdoms was brought to his feet. But all the might of Harsha could not subdue the southern empire of the Deccan.

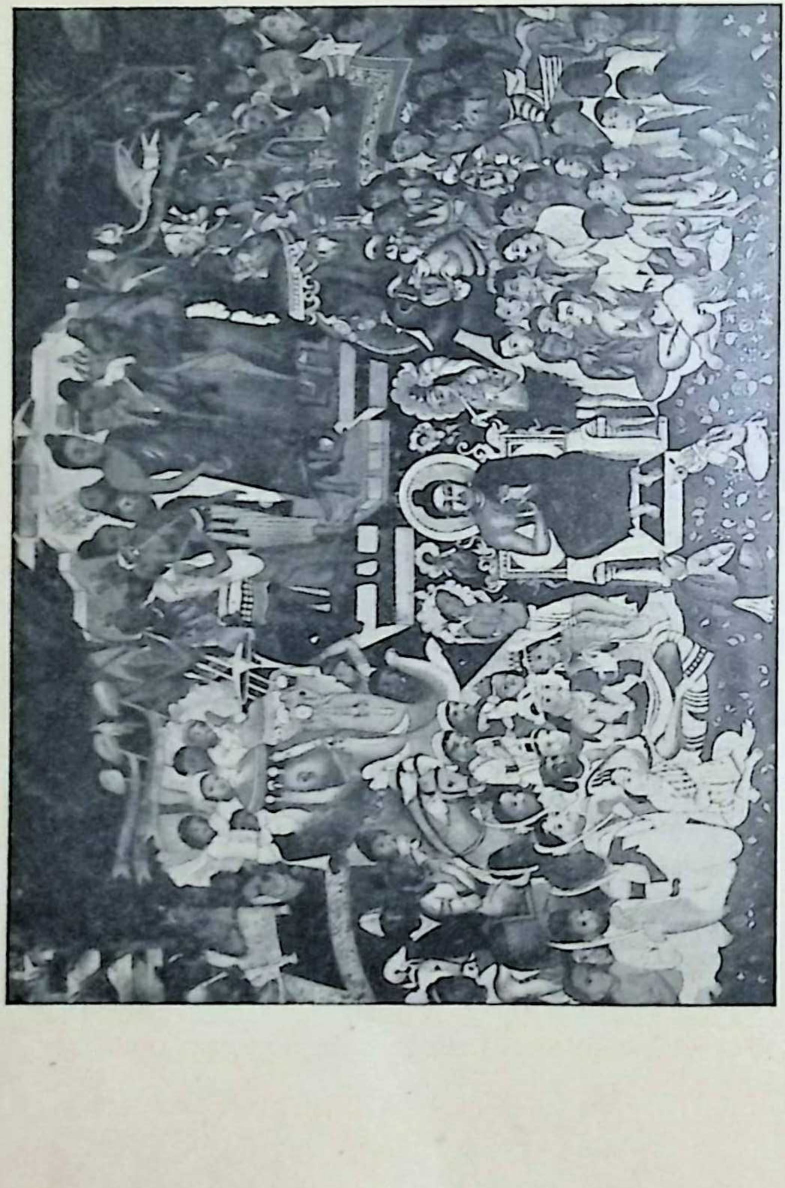
From the city of Vatapi in the Deccan the great King Pulikesin ruled his empire. All the southern Kings of India bowed to him as overlord. The kingdoms of the Konkan and Southern Gujarat in the west, the kingdoms of the fierce Pallavas in the east, the ancient Chola Kingdom of the south, all owned submission to the great Pulikesin.

The King of far-off Persia even had heard of the fame of the Deccan King, and sent an embassy to the Indian Court. When Huien-Tsang visited this Kingdom he was shown the wonderful caves of Ajanta, which had been carved by order of the Deccan monarchs. In one cave he saw a painting of the Persian embassy that had been received by the King.

The great dynasty that ruled the Deccan was known as the Chalukya Dynasty. On one occasion King Harsha himself led an army to invade the southern Empire; but the armies of King Pulikesin hurled the invader back, and as long as the Chalukya Kings remained in power no enemies were allowed to cross the Narmada River and enter their country.

KING RAJARAJA THE GREAT

We have read how King Pulikesin defeated the great fighting emperor, Harsha. King Pulikesin was himself a conqueror. His armies were so well trained that they defeated the other princes of southern India ; but the kingdoms of southern India at this time were all strong and warlike. There were the warlike Pallava princes who ruled the Kingdoms of Vengi by the Krishna river, Palakka, which we now know as Palghat,



A PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE PAINTINGS ON THE WALLS OF THE CAVES OF AJANTA.

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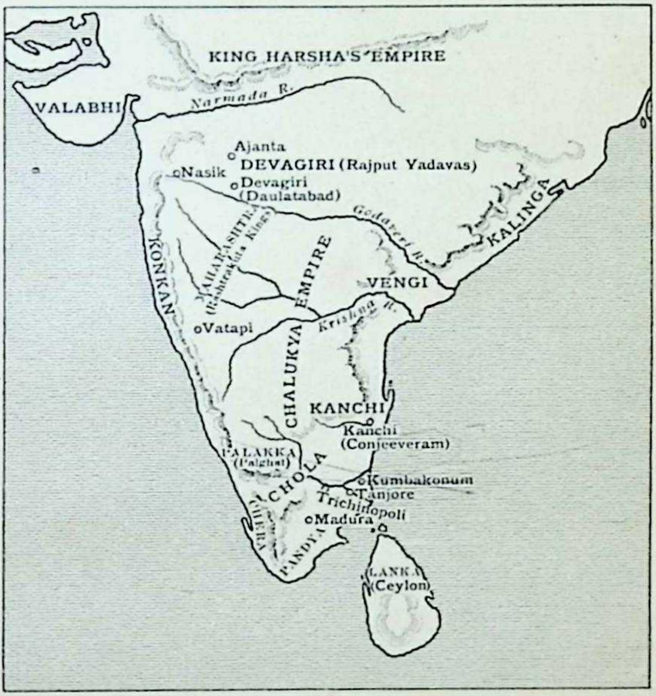
King. Raja Raja the Great

and Kanchi, or Conjeeveram. There was also the famous family of Rashtrakuta, who formerly ruled the kingdom of Maharashtra. In later years, too, there sprang up the famous Rajput princes of Devagiri, known as the Yadavas. Devagiri was the ancient name of the city of Daulatabad.


KING HARSHA'S EMPIRE
Narmada R.
VALABHI
Ajanta
DEVAGIRI (Rajput Yadavas)
Nasik
Devagiri (Daulatabad)
Godaveri R.
KALINGA
KONKAN
MAHARASHTRA (Rashtrakuta Kings)
CHALUKYA EMPIRE
VENGI
Krishna R.
Vatapi
KANCHI
Kanchi (Conjeeveram)
PALAKKA (Palghat)
CHOLA
Kumbakonum
Tanjore
Trichinopoli
Madura
CHERA
PANDYA
LANKA (Ceylon)

After the death of the great King Pulikesin there was much fighting. Sometimes the Pallavas were the strongest princes of southern India; sometimes the Chalukyas, and for a long time the Rashtrakutas were the strongest of all. But in the far south there were three kingdoms more famous even than the kingdoms

8

of the Deccan. These were the three ancient Dravidian kingdoms of Pandya and Chera, and the Chola Kingdom.

In the country of the Chola King stood the cities of Trichinopoly and Kumbakonam. Madura, an ancient seat of Tamil learning, was the capital of the Pandyan Kingdom. The crest of the Madura King was a pair of fishes, whilst the crest of the western Kingdom of Chera was a bow. Chera was the sea-coast Kingdom of Malabar.

Among the trades of the South Indian kingdoms was that of pearl fishing, and merchants from Europe even in those early times, used to visit these olden cities and buy pearls and other merchandise. Ships also used to come from China to the busy ports of southern India.

About A.D. 1000 a great King was ruling over the Chola Kingdom. This was none other than Rajaraja-Deva the Great. King Rajaraja conquered all the southern kingdoms, and even the far-off kingdom of Kalinga. He subdued the fierce Pallavas, and defeated the famous Chalukyas. Before he died the Chola Empire extended over the whole of southern India and the Deccan. King Rajaraja's capital was the famous city of Tanjore, and there he built a magnificent temple, on the walls of which was engraved the story of his many victories.

The Chola Empire not only had a powerful army but also a navy. It was with the help of his navy that the King conquered the island of Ceylon, which formed a part of his Empire.

The Chola King was a worshipper of the god Siva ; but he was, nevertheless, kind and tolerant to the Buddhists in his Empire.

HOW THE PARSIS CAME TO INDIA

It is a long story how the Parsis came to India, and the story begins in the far-off country of Arabia.

Arabia is a strange land. In many parts rain never falls, and there are large stretches of dry, sandy soil, through which the green blades of grass, so cool and refreshing to the eye, never push their way. Yet there are mountains in some parts of Arabia that touch the clouds, and on these the rains fall. Inland, the vast desert stretches for miles and miles, and the sun blazes down upon it fiercely hot. But the water that falls on the mountains spreads beneath the earth, and here and there on the desert it springs to the surface and forms pools of water. Round the pools grow palms and choice green grass. These pleasant green spots are called oases. When we speak of a long-wished-for thing we often liken it to an oasis in the desert.

What joy must the Arab feel after a long, weary day, swaying along on his camel, when he spies in the distance the shady palms that tell of water and rest! Or if he is riding on horseback, how the tired creature toiling beneath him must quicken his stride as he sniffs from afar the cool water of an oasis!

It was in the country of Arabia that the prophet Mahomed was born.

Where the rain falls, there people live in towns. It was in the city of Mecca, in Arabia, that Mahomed was born. The Arabs were a fierce race of people. There was much fighting between the people of the different cities of Arabia. You remember how Buddha tried to mend the misery of his countrymen. Mahomed, in the same way, preached against the evil practices of *his* countrymen, and urged them to lead better lives. So, in the neighbouring country of Palestine, did Jesus Christ preach good words to the Jews. How much we owe

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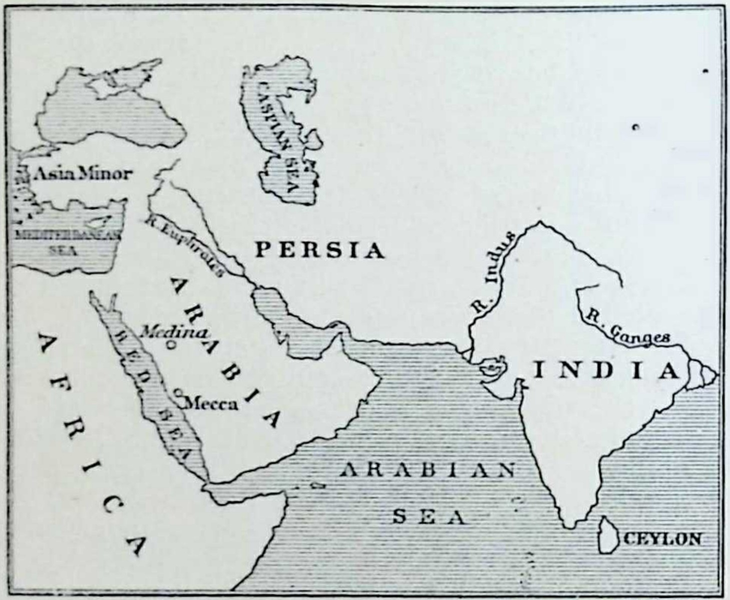
to these good, brave men to-day no one can tell. We can only show our thanks by studying their words and deeds, and by striving to follow the good example they set us.

Mahomed preached to his fierce countrymen and urged them to be charitable and good. His religion was a kind and gentle one. The Meccans drove him from their city; but the neighbouring city of Medina welcomed him and gave him safe refuge.


CASPIAN SEA
Asia Minor
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
R. Euphrates
PERSIA
R. Indus
ARABIA
R. Ganges
Medina
INDIA
AFRICA
RED SEA
Mecca
ARABIAN SEA
CEYLON

G. Philip & Son.

The Arabs were a warrior race. When they accepted the faith of Mahomed they were anxious to make the whole world follow the prophet too. After the prophet's death, the head of the Mahomedan religion became known as the Khalifa. Armies of

Arabs set off to conquer the world at the bidding of the Khalifas.

One army came to India and conquered Sind as far as the city of Multan. Other armies marched to Persia. The cities of Persia were sacked, and the people were made to renounce their religion and turn Mahomedan.

The religion of the Persians up to this time had been Zoroastrianism, preached long before by their great teacher Zoroaster. They reverenced the Sun, to whom all things, even life itself, is due. For without the sun there would be no life upon our earth.

Now, the Persians were themselves a fighting race. In ancient times, under their great Emperor Darius, they had made many conquests in Europe, and even the Greeks held them in dread. So, many of the Persians chose to die rather than change their religion. A large number, in order that they might remain true to their belief, left the country that they loved, and set out to find another home, where they might live in peace. To what better place could they go than India, which, as far back as the memory of man, has been first in hospitality, and tolerant to other religions and opinions ?

The Parsis therefore came to India. And the west coast being the first they reached after leaving their own country, they settled in the neighbourhood of Surat and Bombay, which is their home to the present day, as every one knows.

KING MAHMUD OF GHAZNI

At the city of Ghazni there reigned a great monarch named Mahmud. The people of Ghazni were all Mahomedans, for all the countries of Asia between Tibet and Arabia had been converted to the Mahomedan religion by the Arabs.

The King lived in a beautiful palace in his city among the mountains. In this palace were stored books and beautiful things of art. He was surrounded by poets, whom he encouraged and praised, and by many wise men of science. Ghazni in those days was a great centre of art and learning.

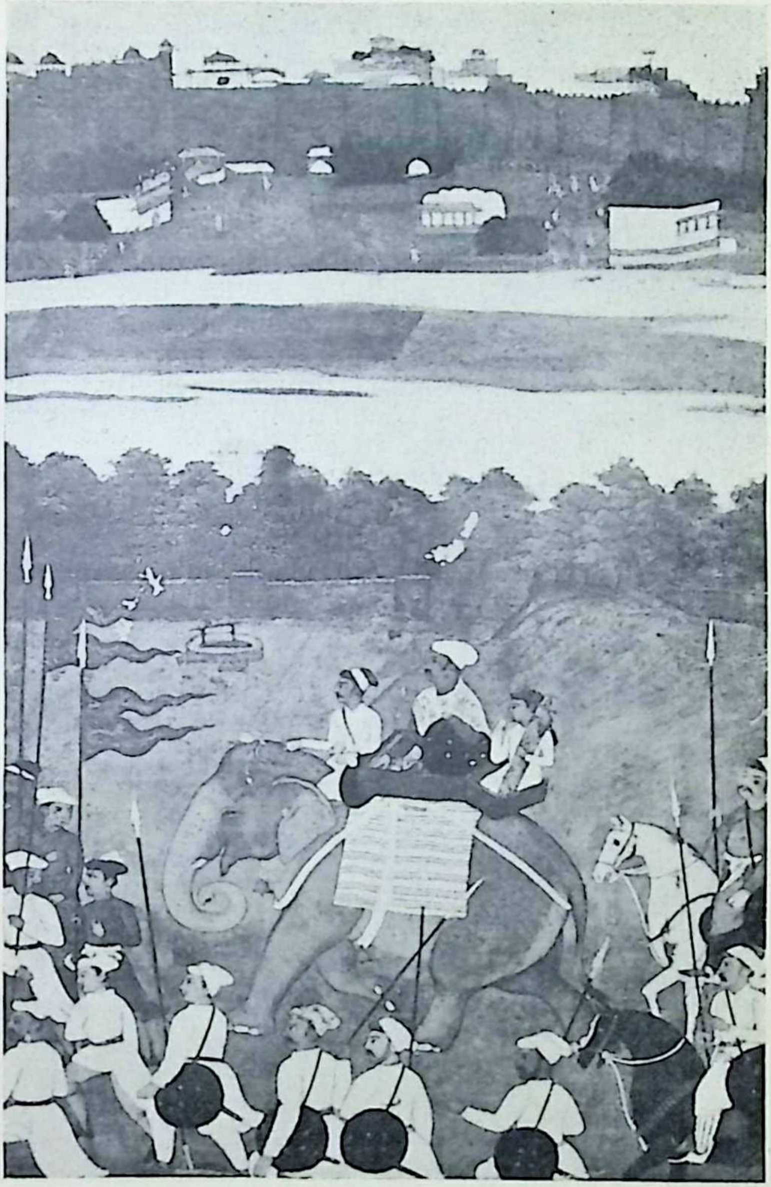
Now, this monarch not only loved the arts, but he was also a great warrior. In the fashion of the Mahomedans of those days, he thought no work so good as that of making other people Mahomedans. He did not reason with them and try to change their faith by peaceful means, but he sacked cities, and put to the sword all who would not change their faith. So intolerant was he of other religions, and so sure was he that Mahomedanism was the only true religion, that he thought that he was doing a virtuous act every time he killed an infidel, as he called those who were not Mahomedans.

So this great man, who might have used his strength in so many better ways, set himself to make raids into India, and put to the sword all who would not give up the faith that had been their own since the beginning of history.

I will not tell you of all the terrible doings of King Mahmud's followers in India. They plundered cities, tore down temples, killed the sacred Brahmans whom the Hindus revered, set fire to villages and crops, turned yellow cornfields into charred wastes, and happy homes into ruins. Very different were these acts of Mahomed's followers from the brave, good teaching of the prophet himself. Yet King Mahmud and his soldiers believed that they were doing right.

There was one great Hindu prince, however, who tried hard to defend his country against the invaders. This was Jaipal, the Hindu King of Lahore.

King Mahmud led an army from his country among the mountains down to the plains of Hindustan, and



A RAJPUT CHIEFTAIN AND WARRIORS.

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camped at the city of Peshawar. Jaipal, with his army of Rajput horsemen and foot soldiers, and many elephants, advanced to drive back the invading army.

The Hindu army, horsemen, elephants, and foot soldiers, moved forward, eager to begin the fight. The Mussulmans also advanced, and both lines drew nearer, shooting arrows at one another. At last they closed with a crash. The trunks of the elephants were cut by the swords of the Mahomedan warriors, and their legs were pierced with arrows. Turning, they trampled upon the soldiers of the Hindu army. So fiercely did the Mussulmans, mad with religious frenzy, attack the Hindus that they broke and fled. Jaipal was bound with ropes and led before the Sultan.

Some of the prisoners had their arms tied behind their backs, some were led by the cheeks, and some were driven by blows on the neck. Jaipal's necklace of large pearls and rubies set in gold was taken from him, and he was then led about, so that his sons, who were also prisoners, might see his shame. He was then set free, and allowed to return to Lahore.

But the proud and valiant Hindu King felt that he could not live after this disgrace. Overcome with shame and sorrow, he threw himself into the flames of the funeral pyre, and left his kingdom to his son Anandapal.

Anandapal, who was a brave Rajput warrior, would not submit to the Mahomedans. He called the Rajputs to his aid. All the Rajput Kings gathered together with their armies. The Hindu ladies melted their golden ornaments to provide money for their soldier brothers and husbands. So great was the Rajput host that Mahmud did not dare to attack them for many days; so the Hindus advanced upon the Mussulmans. Again the elephants took fright and trampled upon the brave Hindu soldiers, and Mahmud's horsemen,

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dashing upon the broken ranks, drove the Hindus before them.

After this, King Mahmud could plunder as he pleased. The sacred cities of Hindustan were levelled to the ground, and the temples destroyed. At Sommath the brave Hindus defended their sacred temple for many days; but there they were also overcome. Hindustan was never free from murder and pillage until King Mahmud died.

HOW RAJAH JAI CHAND HELD A HORSE SACRIFICE

In the days of their greatness the kingdom of the Rathor Rajputs of Kanauj was powerful and strong. Their rajah, Jaichand, made conquests on every side. He overcame many of the kings of the north on the further side of the Indus, and took eight kings prisoners. He twice defeated the King of Anhulwarra (Gujarat), and his kingdom stretched to the south of the Narmada river. In after years the warriors of Kanauj marched against the King of Ghor when that great conqueror led his Mussulman armies into Hindustan " and turned the blue waters of the Indus into red waters." Jaichand would have conquered all the lands of the Rajputs if it had not been for one powerful prince. This was Prithwi Raj, the hero of Delhi, the famous King of the Chauhan Rajputs.

Now Jaichand, surrounded by wealth and proud of his conquests, determined to hold an *Aswamedha*, or horse sacrifice, and proclaim himself the lord of Kings. Never in the memory of man had happiness followed such a sacrifice. Even the Pandavas themselves lost their kingdom after holding their great horse sacrifice.

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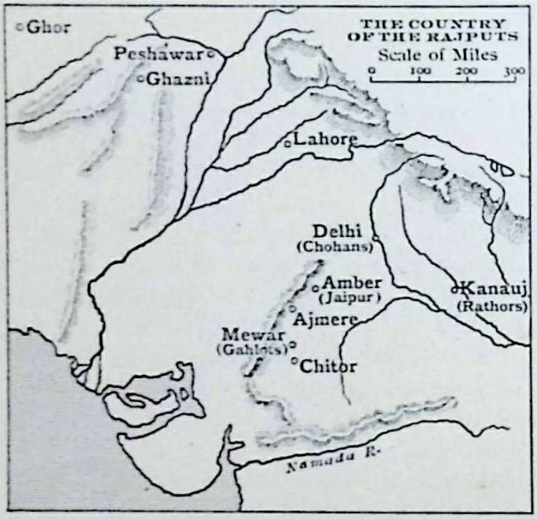
Jaichand sent out invitations to princes far and near to come to the *Aswamedha*, at which his only daughter would choose a husband.

When the invitation reached Prithwi Raj he was very angry. Would a Chauhan admit a Rathor as his overlord? He scorned to go to Kanauj at the bidding of the Rathor King.

Now, it is said that Prithwi Raj had once visited the city of Kanauj in disguise. He had there seen the beautiful daughter of the King, and had fallen in love with her. Much greater was his anger, then, when he heard that at the sacrifice she would choose a husband.


THE COUNTRY OF THE RAJPUTS
Scale of Miles
0
100
200
300
Ghor
Peshawar
Ghazni
Lahore
Delhi (Chohans)
Amber (Jaipur)
Kanauj (Rathors)
Ajmere
Mewar (Gahlots)
Chitor
Narmada R.

Every prince of Hindustan came to the hall of sacrifice, the splendours of which are famed in song. Only the lord of the Chauhans stayed away.

During the *Aswamedha* all the menial duties of the palace of the king who held it had to be performed by lesser kings. By doing this they acknowledged Jaichand a sovereign over all. If one king stayed away the sacrifice could not be held. So Jaichand caused a golden image to be made of the absent Chauhan king, and this he placed at the door to act as doorkeeper. No greater insult could be offered to the Chauhan warrior ; for every one knows that the office of doorkeeper in the household is not one suited to the greatest of Rajput kings.

So Prithwi Raj determined on revenge. He made up his mind to stop the horse sacrifice, and avenge the insult to his name. Calling together a band of chiefs, he set out for the Court of Kanauj. This band numbered sixty-five of his most famous chieftains, each of whom was attended by his own warriors. With him went his friend Pujoon, the Rajah of Amber, and Govind Gahlot, of the house of Mewar.

Riding hard the Rajput warriors quickly rode through the forest, and in the middle of the day entered Kanauj. They cut through the Rathors, who tried to stop them, and before the eyes of all the princes who had humbled themselves before the Rathor King, Prithwi Raj seized Jaichand's daughter and bore her off. With the princess in their midst, the Chauhan warriors galloped off to Delhi.

The Rathors mounted their horses and pursued them, and for five days a fierce battle raged. Each day the Chauhan warriors grew fewer, for many were slain. On the first day Govind and Pujoon were both slain ; but the brother of Pujoon, filled with anger, rushed into the battle, and did such deeds that they might have been the deeds of Karna himself. On the fifth day the Chauhans, having beaten off all attack, arrived safely at Delhi. Prithwi Raj married the fair Rathor princess, and years after, when the Chauhan died, this faithful wife chose to die with him on the pyre.

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And while the Rajput Kings, secure in their strength, were quarrelling among themselves, the Mussulman King of Ghor was invading their fair lands of Hindustan.

HOW PRITHWI RAJ FOUGHT THE INVADERS OF HINDUSTAN

Prithwi Raj, the King of the Chauhans, was bound by the closest ties of friendship to Samarsi, prince of Chitor, who had married the Chauhan king's sister. In the wars against the Rathors Samarsi often gave help to the Rajputs of Delhi.

Prithwi Raj had won many honours on the field of war. The poet Chand, of the Delhi Court, wrote a poem telling of the great deeds of the Rajput hero. The Chauhan king had done so much fighting that he had now earned the right to some peace and rest. With the help of Samarsi, prince of Chitor, he had found at Najore a great treasure, that had lain hidden since ancient times. This treasure helped to make him more rich and powerful than ever.

Now, the Rathors of Kanauj and the Rajputs of Anhulwarra had always been at war with the Chauhans. The news of the treasure that the Chauhan King had found made them angry and jealous of him. King Jaichand feared him so much that he and the King of Anhulwarra asked the Afghans to help them to fight him. It was a sad day for Hindustan when a Hindu prince, of his own free will, invited foreign invaders to help him against a brother prince of Hindustan.

When the great Prithwi Raj heard that the prince of Ghor and Ghazni was invading Hindustan, he called together an army of Rajput warriors to defend their country. The King, at the head of this army of Rajput chiefs, marched against the Afghans, and met them on the field of Tarain (now known as Tiraori), not far from Karnal.

King Mahomed of Ghor was a great leader, and his soldiers were brave warriors. But nothing could withstand the fierce valour of the unbeaten Rajputs. The Mahomedan prince was wounded, and carried on a horse from the field, while his army broke and ran for their lives. There never had been a greater victory for Hindu arms.

But the Afghan King was a valiant man. He could not bear the thought of defeat. The Rajputs had scarcely settled down again in their homes before King Mahomed again crossed the border with a huge army of one hundred and thirty thousand men.

Prithwi Raj, in his palace at Delhi, surrounded by the pleasures of a Court, was loth to take the field again. Mahomed marched further and further into the land of the Chauhans. At last Samarsi, the prince of Chitor, alarmed at the approach of the Mussulmans, led an army of Chitor Rajputs to help his friend the Chauhan King. How gladly the Rajputs of Delhi received their kinsmen of Chitor! With what shouts of joy did the people of the city greet the well-beloved Prince Samarsi!

And now Prithwi Raj, at the head of the Chauhans, and many other Rajput princes who were his friends, together with Samarsi and the Chitor Rajputs, marched out against the marauding Afghans. No Hindu army had ever had better leaders than the princes of Delhi and Chitor. Prithwi Raj, the bravest of the brave; Samarsi, cool and skilful in fight, wise in the council chamber, and beloved by the warriors of Chitor and Delhi alike.

The great fight between Hindus and Mussulmans took place on the same field of Tarain, the field of former victory. But what a disaster was now to attend the Rajput arms! In the fight Samarsi and his brave son were slain, together with thirteen thousand of the bravest warriors of Chitor. The numerous Afghans pressed on the Rajputs. Prithwi Raj himself was taken prisoner, fighting in the foremost rank, and his army was broken, slain, and captured.

Pritha, the wife of the prince of Chitor, on hearing that her husband was dead, her brother taken captive, the heroic warriors of Chitor and Delhi "asleep on the banks of the Caggar in the wave of steel," joined her lord through the flames.

Delhi, the capital of the Chauhans, was stormed by the warriors of Ghor, and the last Chauhan prince was killed in its defence.

Jaichand, the King of Kanauj, had worked the destruction of his rival. The Rathors had seen the Chauhans destroyed; but the Rathors' joy was short-lived. The Mahomedans captured Kanauj, and Jaichand, the prince who had delivered up Hindustan to an invader, was drowned in the waters of the Ganges.

The Rajputs, driven from their beautiful lands to the deserts of Sind and Central India, in after years beset by army after army, never owned defeat. And in the wars that were to follow no name stands higher in the roll of fame than that of the brave Ranas of Chitor, whose forefather marched to the help of Prithwi Raj in the great war against the Mahomedan invaders.

HOW ALA-UD-DIN TOOK CHITOR

The Story of Padmini, Princess of Chitor

There is a story told of how Ala-ud-din, the Pathan monarch, conquered the fortress of Chitor. It is told by a poet of the time, and may not be strictly true; but in the main it is true, no doubt, for such things did happen in those warlike days.

When Ala-ud-din was reigning at Delhi, the Rajput prince who ruled at Chitor was Bhimsi. Bhimsi had married a princess named Padmini, famed in story and song for her great beauty.

The monarch of Delhi was the greatest conqueror of his age. His troops had marched to the furthest limits of India, slaying, burning, and taking tribute from rajahs and princes. His victorious general, Malik Kafur, marched as far south even as the kingdom of Madura, which he conquered. He could call a thousand elephants into the field and myriads of horse soldiers. He had never been defeated in battle, or thwarted by those around him. His will was law. In all India the Rajputs alone dared to defy the great King of Delhi.

It came to the ears of Ala-ud-din that the most beautiful princess in the world was the wife of the prince of Chitor. He had never subdued the Rajputs, and he determined to march an army against Chitor. In course of time the Afghans reached Chitor. The Rajput prince and princess locked themselves in their rocky fortress. Below them, on every side, they could see the banners and hear the drums of the Pathan warriors.

For a long time the fortress was besieged, but the Pathans could make no headway against the valour of the Rajputs. Ala-ud-din at last sent a message to the Rajput prince that if he would allow him to see the image of his princess in a mirror he would be satisfied and go away. The Rajput could see no harm in this. Ala-ud-din, unarmed, entered the fortress and saw the image as he had desired.

The Delhi King had shown his confidence in the honour of the Rajputs by entering their fortress alone. Bhimsi, not to be outdone in generosity, to show his

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confidence in the honour of the Pathans, walked, also unarmed, into the Pathan camp. But the crafty Pathan, hoping to have this chance, had prepared an ambush for the Rajput prince. Bhimsi was seized and carried away. Ala-ud-din now offered to deliver their prince to the Rajputs if they would deliver Padmini to him.

Great was the rage of the Rajputs at this dishonourable act. They told Padmini of what the Pathans had done, and together they thought of a scheme to save both prince and princess. The princess sent word to the Delhi King that she would come to his camp; but she must be accompanied by all her female handmaids in a manner fitting to a Rajput princess. The King agreed to this, and no less than seven hundred palanquins were carried into the Pathan camp. One of them contained the princess. In the others were hidden seven hundred of the bravest warriors of Chitor.

Ala-ud-din had no intention of delivering up the Rajput prince. He hoped to get both prince and princess in his power; but he was to be outwitted this time. No sooner was Bhimsi brought forward than the Rajputs leaped from the palanquins, surrounded their prince and princess, and cut their way in a body through the Pathan warriors to their fortress.

The siege was renewed by the Pathans and raged fiercely for many days. Hundreds of the brave Rajputs were slain; but Ala-ud-din had met his match, and at last gave up, unable to overcome the Rajputs in their fortress of Chitor.

How Chitor fell

Ala-ud-din could not forget his defeat at Chitor. Many years after he collected another strong army and camped once again round the wall of the fortress. The

Pathans besieged the fortress closely. They had tested the valour of the Rajputs once, and this time went more carefully to work. They dug trenches, and moved nearer and nearer to the fortress. The Rajputs could take no rest day or night, for they never knew when to expect a Pathan rush at the walls. Time and time again the Pathans were hurled back, but they never tired nor slackened the attack. Each day, Rajput warriors were wounded and killed, and their numbers grew less. While there were so many of the Pathans that they never seemed to lose in vigour or numbers.

At last, the Rajputs, overcome by numbers, seeing no hope left, resolved to die in one last fight. For a short hour more they must defend the walls while their wives and sisters performed the *johur*. The funeral pyre was lighted in the great cavern beneath the fortress, and one after another, calmly and peacefully, the Rajput ladies, some thousands in number, sought death in the flames. The last of all was the fair Padmini.

The Rana's son, with a small band, now managed safely to pass through the enemy's lines. The Rana, sure that his line was not extinct, made ready to die. Calling around him his devoted followers, they threw open the gates. The warriors of Ala-ud-din rushed into the place, where the Rajputs threw themselves at them and fought till every one was slain.

Thus ended the siege of Chitor. Not a Rajput fell alive into the hands of Ala-ud-din. Only the bare walls of the fortress were left for him to walk upon.

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HOW BALBAN, THE KING OF DELHI, STAMPED OUT A REBELLION IN BENGAL

AFTER the death of Mahomed of Ghor Hindustan was ruled for many centuries by the Pathan kings of Delhi. Some of these kings were good and kindly rulers, but many were harsh and cruel. Worst of all, there were some who wrapped themselves up in their own pleasures, and left the government of Hindustan to be carried on by the Court officials. Then was the time for robbery and violence. The fierce Pathan nobles had no one to hold them in check, and many were the deeds of violence that occurred. This was an unhappy time for the Hindu people.

King Balban was a powerful ruler. He was a stern man, who never smiled or joked with those around him. Everywhere he had spies who reported to him what was going on in his kingdom. One of Balban's own followers once caused a servant to be beaten to death. The dead man's widow went to the Sultan and told him what had happened. Balban was very angry when he heard this, and ordered the chief to be beaten to death in the presence of the widow. The King was stern, but he was very just too.

When Sultan Balban came to the throne the roads of the Delhi Empire were unsafe for travellers. Thousands of robbers hid in the jungles and pounced out upon people as they passed on their way. The first act of the king was to scour the forests and kill these robbers. Great numbers of them were put to the sword, and the roads of the kingdom were made safer than they had ever been before under Mussulman rule.

It happened at this time that a chief named Tughral

Khan was Governor of Bengal, which was a province of the Delhi Empire. This Governor rebelled and declared himself King of Bengal. Tughral was a Turk, and a brave and generous man. He was also a skilful soldier, and many chiefs threw in their fortunes with his.

The rebellion of Tughral was a great blow to the Sultan, for the rebel had been one of his favourite slaves. In his anger and sorrow the Sultan even lost his appetite. When he heard that Tughral was striking coins in his own name, anger came uppermost in the Sultan's mind. He sent a general named Abtagin " the long haired," known as Amir Khan, against his former slave. Tughral met the Sultan's army and put it to flight, and many of the Sultan's soldiers joined the rebel army. When the news of this defeat reached Balban his breast was filled with shame and anger. He ordered Amir Khan to be hanged over the gate of Oudh.

The next year the Sultan sent another army against Tughral, and this army was also defeated. Many more soldiers went over to the rebels, who had much gold to give them. The Sultan's anger now knew no bounds. Although the rains were falling the aged monarch called together an army and marched at the head of it to stamp out the rebellion. His army numbered two lakhs of men. He collected boats, and sometimes floating in them, and sometimes wading through mud and water, the army made its way through the pouring rain.

So greatly was the Sultan's name feared that Tughral and his army fled, taking with them their treasure and elephants. The Sultan followed, and vowed that he would never return to Delhi, or even think of Delhi, until Tughral was dead. At last the Sultan's army was so near the rebels that a small party of forty horsemen suddenly came upon them in their camp. The rebels had no thought of danger, for they did not know that the Sultan's army was so near. Some were washing their clothes, others were drinking wine and singing. The elephants were browsing on the branches of the trees, and the horses and cattle were grazing.

The forty horsemen drew their swords and, shouting the name of Tughral, dashed into the camp. Tughral ran from his tent, and his army fled on all sides, for they thought that the whole of the Sultan's army was upon them. Tughral fell with an arrow in his side, and his head was cut off and taken to the Sultan. Many prisoners were also taken, among whom were the sons of the rebel chief.

The Sultan gave robes of honour to the forty horsemen, and then made his way to the town of Laknauti. Here a terrible scene took place. All the sons of Tughral and those who had served him were slain and hung up along the whole length of the bazar at Laknauti, so that every one could see the revenge that the Sultan had taken. The punishments went on for two or three days, and the onlookers turned sick with fear and horror. No one could ever remember such punishments in Hindustan.

The Sultan put the country under the rule of his younger son, to whom he granted a royal canopy. When he was about to leave Bengal the Sultan said to his son: " Mahmud, didst thou see ? " The prince was surprised at the question, and made no answer. Again the Sultan asked: " Mahmud, didst thou see ? " The Sultan asked a third time, and as his son did not reply, he said: " You saw my punishments in the bazar ? " The prince bowed his head to show that he understood. " Then," said the Sultan, " be sure that if any governor, though he were my own son, should raise a sword against the Sultan, the same punishment would fall upon him as upon this Tughral. Ay, and on his wives and children also."

Then this iron King, who had uttered this fierce warning, gave some words of good counsel and advice to his son, and shed tears as he embraced him and bade him farewell.

HOW THE FIRST BAHMANI KING CAME TO BE CROWNED

In the days of Prince Mahomed Tuglak, who afterwards became known as the mad King of Delhi, there lived in Delhi an Afghan named Hasan, who was servant to a Brahman astrologer named Gangu. The astrologer gave Hasan a pair of oxen as a reward for being a good servant, and allowed him to till and cultivate a small piece of land. One day, when Hasan was ploughing his land, the plough got fixed to something in the earth. Hasan found that it was a chain fastened to a copper vessel, which was filled with old gold coins. Now, the land was not Hasan's own. The crops that grew on it only were his, so he carried the treasure to his master.

Gangu happened to mention to Prince Mahomed his servant's honesty, and the prince passed on the story to the King. The monarch was so pleased with the story that he sent for Hasan, and gave him the command of one hundred horse, which was a first step in the nobility of those days.

The Brahman astrologer, his former master, told Hasan that he would some day become a great man. He made him promise, should he ever become a king, that he would take the name of Gangu, and make him his minister. Hasan promised his old master that he would do this. He then left Delhi, and set off to seek his fortune in the Deccan, where Prince Mahomed, who had now become king, gave him a *jaghir*.

Now, Mahomed Tuglak was not a good king. He was cruel and untrustworthy. If people were called to Court they went in terror of their lives, for, without reason, the King would sometimes order people off to execution. So there were many rebellions in his reign. The Afghan nobles of the province of Gujarat rebelled against the King, and when he marched against them they fled to the Deccan. The Deccan was then a province of the Pathan Empire, for it had been conquered by the warrior king Ala-ud-din. The Deccan nobles, nevertheless, gave the nobles from Gujarat refuge from the King's anger.

When the King heard this it made him very angry. He ordered the Governor of the Deccan, whose capital was at Daulatabad, to send off all the Deccan nobles to Gujarat. The latter were so afraid that the King would have them executed that they went into rebellion. The Hindu Rajahs of the Deccan rejoiced at the chance of fighting the Pathan Emperor. They joined the rebellious nobles. In a moment the rebellion had lighted up over the whole of the Deccan. In a very short time Daulatabad had fallen to the rebel nobles. They elected a leader among themselves, and honours were given to all who helped the rebellion. The title of Zaffur Khan was given to Hasan.

King Mahomed marched against the rebels, but he failed to subdue them, and in this fighting Zaffur Khan won a great victory over one of the King's armies. When King Mahomed's armies had retired from the Deccan all the nobles decided that they would make Zaffur Khan their king. In the year 1347 a crown was placed on his head, and a black canopy was erected over his throne. Coins were struck in his name, with the title of "Alla-ud-din Hasan" upon them.

From his capital city of Gulburga the King ruled wisely and well. In accordance with his promise, he made his old master, Gangu, his minister, and added the name of Gangu to his own titles. The dynasty he founded became known as the Bahmani Dynasty. The word "Bahmani" is believed to be a form of the word "Brahman," taken by Hasan in honour of Gangu. The words "Gangu Bahmani" were engraved on the King's seal, and used by each king until the dynasty ended, a century and a half after.

King Alla-ud-din Hasan ruled his kingdom for eleven years, when he died of a fever. He was once asked how he managed to become a king without money or armies. He replied, "By kindness to my friends, generosity to my enemies, and by courtesy and liberality to all mankind."

The Bahmani Kingdom became one of the most powerful of any that have been in India. Some of the Bahmani monarchs had three thousand elephants. The kingdom included Gujarat, and stretched as far north as the port of Daibul, on the Indus. The eastern kingdom of Warangal paid tribute to the Bahmani kings.

FIROZ

The Father of His Subjects

We have read how Balban ruled Hindustan with a rod of iron. He was a just king; but many of the kings of Delhi were not just, and many were very cruel. We will read now of the pleasant rule of a mild and good Pathan king.

Nearly a hundred years after Balban was king of Delhi a gentle prince named Firoz, of the royal house of Tughlak, came to the throne. Firoz was half Hindu, for his mother was a Rajput princess. He was a mild and tender-hearted monarch, and had a horror of war and bloodshed.

The King's vizir at Delhi was a wise and good man, a Hindu named Makbul Khan. By the advice of this vizir the taxes which the people had to pay were made less, and the ryots became well-to-do and happy. Their homes were filled with corn and goods ; every one had gold and silver ; and no woman was without her ornaments.

The Delhi Kingdom began to grow rich, and the Sultan now began to build fine cities. One city that Firoz Shah founded was Fathabad. Another was Jaunpur, and there were several others.

These new cities needed water, as all cities do. So the Sultan caused a number of canals to be dug from the Jumna and Sutlej. One of these, the Jumna canal, at the present day brings water to the city of Delhi. Everywhere new bridges, mosques, and colleges were built, and old buildings were repaired.

Firoz gave each year a large sum of money to the poor, and to those who were too old to work for a living. He also built hospitals for the sick. He was a father to his people. When a man in his service grew too old to work, he would not dismiss him, but allowed a son to act for him.

Under Firoz all men lived happy and free from care. There were no rebellions, for the people liked to be ruled by such a good and kindly king.

TIMUR LENG

TIMUR LENG, the Emperor of the Tartars, sat in the palace of his city of Samarkand. In his heart there was a desire to lead an army against the infidels ; but he did not know if it should be against the people of China or the people of Hindustan. Uncertain whether to make war or not he opened his Koran, and the first verse that met his eye was this: "O Prophet, make war upon infidels and unbelievers, and treat them with severity."

The great Tartar Emperor, descendant of the mighty Chengiz Khan, thereupon began to gather an army to make war upon Hindustan. What a number of enemies Hindustan had in olden days!

In appearance this emperor was tall and stoutly built. His head was large, his voice was loud, and he wore a long beard. One of his legs was lame, and one hand was maimed.

The Emperor spoke to his sons and chiefs, and told them what he wished to do. One son, the warlike Pir Mahomed, who was Governor of Kabul, helped his father to gather armies. Another, who also wished to go, told his father stories of the riches of India. He said that India was full of gold and jewels. There were seventeen mines of gold and silver, diamond and ruby, and tin and quicksilver, and the country was always green and pleasant, and there were sugar cane and many plants for making clothes.

But others feared the dangers of Hindustan. They said that there were four defences to the land. First, there were five large rivers, and it was not possible to cross them without boats and bridges. The second defence was woods and forests and trees, which twined together branch with branch, and made it very difficult to walk. The third defence, they said, was the soldiers, the princes and Rajahs of the country, that dwelt in the castles in the forest, and lived like wild beasts. The fourth defence was the war elephants clad in armour, which marched in the front of the army, and were trained to lift a horse, with its rider, in their trunks, whirl him in the air, and dash him on the ground.

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What little knowledge of India did the Tartars thus show by their speech !

Other nobles said that Sultan Mahmud had conquered Hindustan, so why should not they ? They had one hundred thousand Tartar horsemen to follow their *amir*. If they marched they would obtain the victory.

It was a sad day for India when Timur Leng made up his mind to invade India. The good emperor Firoz Shah had made the people rich and happy. They sowed their seeds and reaped the harvest. They had no fear of danger, for the memory of war and pillage had faded from their minds.

So Timur Leng the Tartar, at the head of his fierce, half-civilized horsemen, suddenly threw himself upon the plains of peaceful Hindustan. Their object was to kill the infidels, as they called all who had not the same religion as their own.

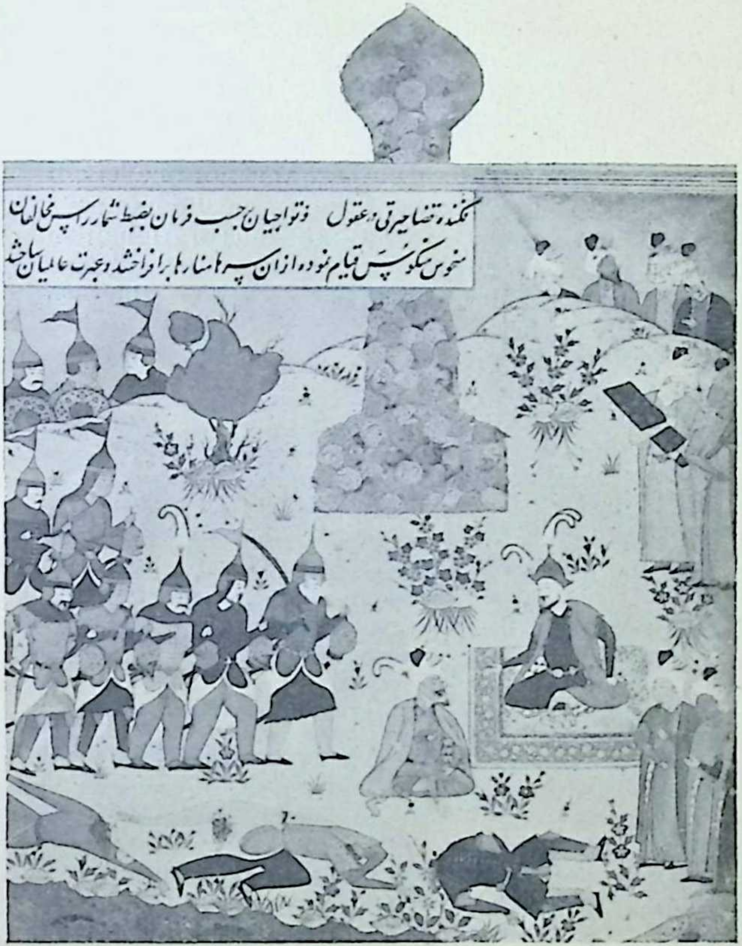
The Tartars sacked city after city, burned villages, and took a lakh of prisoners, whom they led in chains on their march into Hindustan. Their fame soon spread before them. People heard of their coming and fled, and the Tartar army passed through empty towns and cities until they reached the plain of Panipat, outside Delhi. Here, for the first time in their march, they met an army ready to fight them.

There stood the Indian army under their Sultan Mahmud, the last king of the house of Tughlak. In the front line of the Indian army there were more than a hundred elephants, clad in armour, with poisoned swords fastened to their tusks. The Indian soldiers had also fireworks to frighten the horses of the Tartars.

Timur was so much afraid of the Indian army, and the terrible elephants, that he would spare no men to guard his prisoners. He gave orders, therefore, for these unhappy people, a lakh in number, to be slain. Suddenly there was a roll of drums, and the battle began. The Tartars struck the elephants with spears

Timur Leng

and arrows, and killed the mahouts. The wounded


نکنده تنشا حیرتی و عقول   و تواجیان حسب فرمان بضبط شمار راس مخالفان
منحوس نکونسار پس قیام نموده از ان سرها منارها برافراختند و عبرت عالمیان ساختند

THE EMPEROR'S CHIEFTAINS BRING HIM THE HEADS OF HIS ENEMIES.

animals turned and scattered the Indian soldiers. Sultan Mahmud fled upon his elephant to Delhi,

Koviloor Academy

trampling on the soldiers who were in his way. The Indian army was routed, and Timur had conquered Delhi.

The final terrible act of the Tartars occurred inside the walls of Delhi. Timur promised to spare the lives of the people; but while his soldiers were looting the town, quarrels arose, and the fierce Tartars did not cease to kill and capture till there was not one left alive in the city. Timur had now done what he had set out to do, and he marched away into the hills of Afghanistan, leaving nothing but smoking cities and dead bodies upon his line of march. He earned among the Hindu people the name of "The Scourge of God."

MERCHANTS OF OLDEN INDIA

The Portuguese and Arabs

In the story of King Rajaraja the Great we read how the merchants of the Chola Kingdom traded with the merchants of Europe. Since ancient times the spices of India have been much prized by countries that cannot grow them. The European merchants used to buy ginger, pepper, cinnamon, cloves, and many other spices to take to their own countries. The pearls of Malabar, diamonds, embroideries, and the many beautiful things made by the craftsmen of India were also famed throughout the world.

Nowadays ships of every country cross the sea and carry goods to and fro; but this was not always so. While the Pathan monarchs were making ready to conquer Hindustan, and the Rajputs were fighting among themselves, the trading ships of only one nation were busy loading cargoes for Europe in the ports of Malabar. These ships belonged to the Arabs.

We have read how the Arab followers of Mahomed became warriors, and carried their religion by fire and sword into far countries. But the Arabs were not only warriors, they were also traders. They were also bold sailors. Their ships were not large ones, such as sail across the ocean to-day. But there were not so many people in the world then as there are now, and fewer goods were required. So the Arab *dhows* used to sail between the Arabian ports of Jeddha, Aden, and Muscat, and the Indian ports of Calicut and Daibul, at the mouth of the Indus. Some ships sailed up the Red Sea to the ports of Egypt, and their goods were carried to Cairo. From there they were taken to Alexandria, where ships lay ready to carry them to Europe across the broad Mediterranean Sea.

Such a high price was obtained in Europe for Indian goods in the old days that the Arab merchants grew very rich, and their trade with India was very valuable to them indeed. How angry they must have been, then, when another nation found a cheaper and better way of carrying Indian goods to Europe! This nation was the Portuguese.

In the year 1497 a Portuguese sailor captain named Vasco da Gama was sent out by the King of Portugal, from the port of Lisbon, with four little ships, to go round the Cape of Good Hope, and try to find India. To understand how daring this voyage was we must try to remember how little was known of the world in those days. The sailors on Vasco da Gama's ships did not know even that the world was round. Any moment, so far as they knew, they might reach the edge of the world, and fall headlong into space. Yet this bold captain, trusting to a Mussulman pilot, whom he shipped in an African port, pointed his ships straight across the blue billows of the Indian Ocean.

The explorer safely reached the coast of India, and anchored in the port of Calicut. He filled his ships with cargo, and sailed back to Lisbon. There he was welcomed by his countrymen with great joy. He sold the goods he had brought from India at sixty times their cost. Never had such profits been made in Portugal!

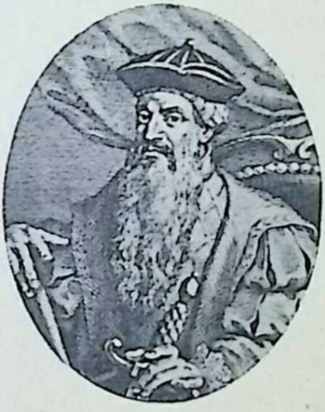
But voyages round the Cape, in the small ships of those days, were attended with great risk. Of the vessels that had sailed from Lisbon with Vasco da Gama only half returned. The explorer's own brother was drowned in one of the wrecked vessels.

ALBUQUERQUE, THE MERCHANT PRINCE

As soon as the sea route to India had been found, the King of Portugal fitted out many vessels to go to India. Some of these were armed with cannons and powder and ball. The Portuguese were a fiery people. They were also zealous Christians. They were very bitter indeed against the Mussulmans, for not only Spain, but their own country, had been conquered in olden times by the warlike followers of Mahomed. They had driven the Mahomedans, or Moors, as they named them, out of their country. But they had never forgiven the Moors for conquering them. How pleased they were to be able to fight the Mussulmans in the Indian seas, and try to destroy their trade!

They first of all began trade with the port of Calicut, which belonged to the kingdom ruled over by the Indian king named the Zamorin. By their side in the port lay the *dhows* from the ports of Arabia. The Portuguese commander wanted to get back to Portugal as quickly as he could to sell his goods. The loading of his ships was not quick enough to please him. So what did he do? Why, he took the cargo from an Arab ship which was nearly ready to sail, and filled his ship with it. This led to fighting, and the Portuguese did many cruel deeds. Once Vasco da Gama captured an Arab fleet at Calicut, and cut off the hands, ears, and noses of all the crews, eight hundred men in all. This conduct caused the Zamorin to quarrel with the Portuguese, and he refused to trade with them. The Portuguese were obliged then to seek another port, and they sailed along the coast to Cochin.

After some years of war and trade, the King of Portugal sent out a great man to carry on the trade. This was Albuquerque. Albuquerque was a very zealous Christian. His mind was full of great ideas. He wished to make his country the greatest in the world. But, like all his countrymen, he hated the Mussulmans. To stop their trade for ever, he asked the King of Portugal to send out men to Egypt, which was the richest province belonging to the Arabs, and dig a new channel for the River Nile, causing it to run into the Red Sea. By taking all the water away he hoped to make nothing grow in Egypt, for Egypt depends entirely upon the waters of the Nile, and by this means he wished to deal a great blow to the Mussulmans.



AFFONSO DE ALBUQUERQUE.

But Albuquerque, in spite of his fiery hatred of the Mussulmans, was a great man, and a patriot. He thought little of his own gain. All he worked for was the greatness of his king and country. Under his wise direction factories were built at many places on the Indian coast, and in the Straits of Malacca, and even in far away China. The most famous of these were the settlements of Diu, Goa, and Malacca. But these are only three of a hundred that Albuquerque founded. The Arab ships in the Indian Ocean were destroyed. For a short time the Portuguese were the greatest trading nation in the world.

They might have been a great trading nation to this day if the agents that came after Albuquerque had been as great as he. But the traders who came out for the King of Portugal in after years were no better than robbers. To get rich quickly they robbed and slew. Many of them turned pirates, and thus they became the enemy of all nations, whether Indian or European. This was the unworthy ending of the great work of Albuquerque for his country. Portuguese people to-day can be found all over the world, the descendants of the daring Portuguese sailors of olden times.

One of the fleets sent out by the King of Portugal to India was blown from its course right across the Atlantic Ocean. This fleet found the country of Brazil, which has been peopled by Portuguese ever since that day.

BABAR THE BOLD

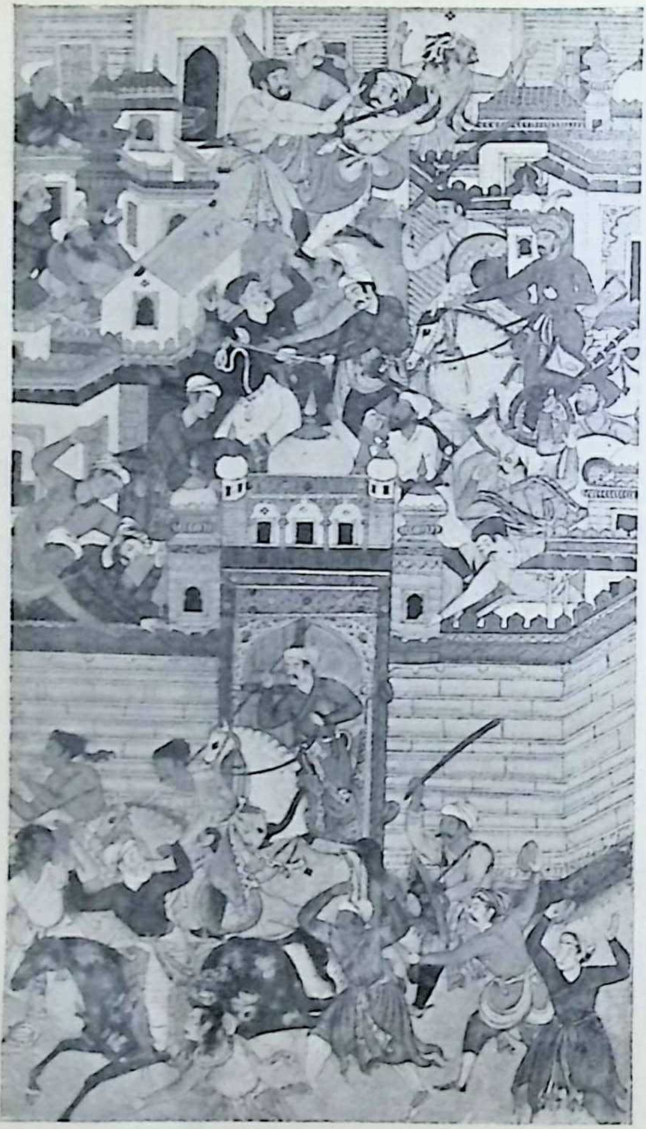
About the time that the Portuguese were sending out ships to fight the Arabs of Calicut, the famous soldier, King Babar, was fighting for his kingdom in the mountains of Afghanistan. It was the same prince who afterwards conquered Hindustan.

You have read of the great Timur, who ruled a wide empire from the city of Samarkand. When Timur died his empire broke up. His kinsmen fought amongst themselves, and divided the empire up into a number of kingdoms. Six generations after the death of Timur the young Prince Babar came to the throne of the kingdom of Ferghana, which lay near the far-away Oxus river. Half Turk and half Mongol, the young prince was as ambitious as he was daring, and as generous and clever as he was brave. From the days of his boyhood his greatest wish was to win for himself the city of Samarkand, and rule from there the great Empire of Timur.

Babar was brought up among wars. In the country of the mountains there were many princes, each of whom had a kingdom and army of his own. If one prince grew too powerful, the others became jealous, and joined together to cause his downfall. How difficult was it then, for Babar, whose kingdom was a small one, to win for himself the city and wide lands of Samarkand! Yet the young prince twice captured Samarkand, and each time he was obliged to give it up.

Sometimes Babar was at the head of a powerful army. At other times, after a defeat, when his men had left him to join some more powerful chieftain, he rode at the head of only a few hundred men. Yet through all his trials the young prince was ever full of hope. Once, when his fortunes were at their lowest, Babar regained all he had lost by one bold stroke. He had set out on a conquest of Samarkand. But his allies failed him. He was obliged to return with his army over rocks, stones, and rugged paths. He lost his camels and horses on the march, and all his army deserted him except two hundred and forty men. He called together his officers, and they talked together about what it was best to do. Babar made up his mind that he alone, with his small band of faithful followers, would try to take the great city of Samarkand.

On the way Babar lost heart and wished he had not set out upon this perilous enterprise. He laid himself down in a grove to sleep, and there he dreamt a dream that drove away all his gloomy thoughts and urged him to attack the city. This dream is described in the



"THE PEOPLE, WAKENED FROM THEIR SLEEP, FLED FOR THEIR LIVES. IN THIS WAY BABAR, WHEN HE WAS NINETEEN YEARS OF AGE, WON THE CITY OF SAMARKAND."

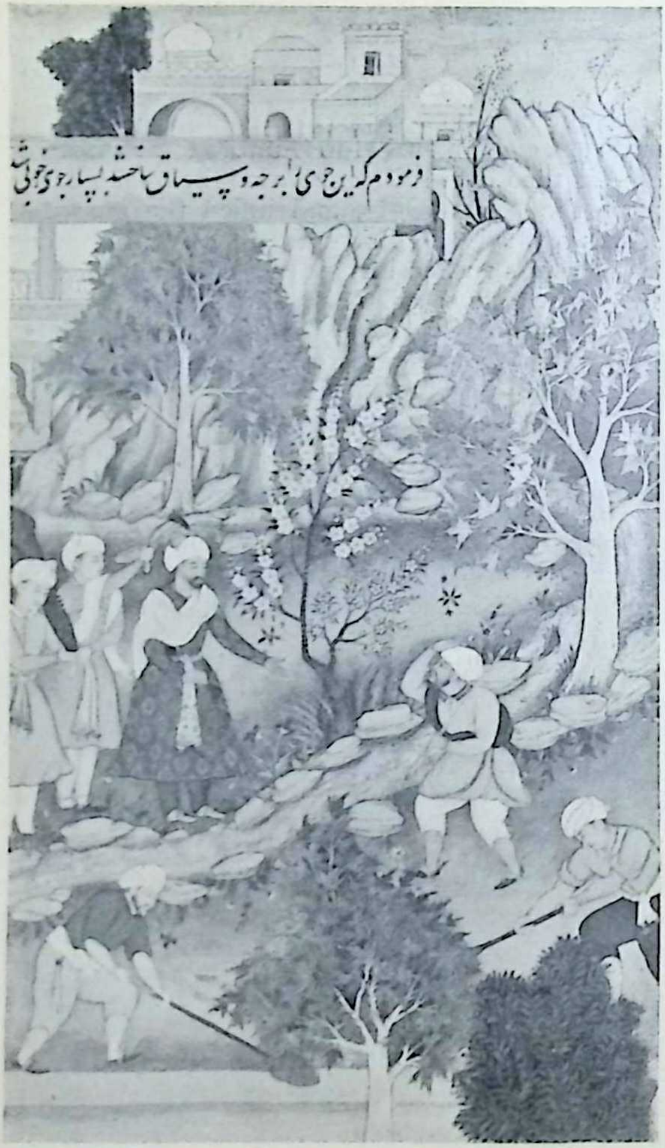
Baber the Bold

memoirs of his life, which Babar wrote with his own hand. The prince's small party, mounting their horses, reached the bridge of Moghat at midnight. From there Babar sent eight men before him to a low part of the wall, near the Lover's Cave. He led the remainder of his men to the Firoza Gate, and killed the guard. The gate was opened, and Babar with his two hundred and forty followers rushed inside. The soldiers shouted his name and made so much noise that the people, wakened from their sleep, fled as fast as they could. In this way Babar, when he was nineteen years of age, won the city of Samarkand.

At last Babar gave up the idea of conquering an empire round Samarkand in favour of the conquest of Hindustan. He invaded India four times without success. His own kingdom at this time was the kingdom of Kabul. As soon as he left Kabul for the plains of Hindustan, his enemies attacked Kabul, and Babar was obliged to return. On the fifth invasion the King reached the famous plain of Panipat, outside Delhi. His army was a small one, numbering thirteen thousand men. Here he was met by the Pathan King of Delhi, Ibrahim Lodi, with a large army and a hundred elephants.

In the centre of the Moghul army the great guns were linked together with leathern ropes. The Indian army charged upon the Moghuls, but the latter did not give way. A body of Moghul horsemen on each side rode round the Indians, and attacked them from behind. The Indian army broke and fled. Nearly all the Pathan warriors round Ibrahim Lodi were killed. The dead body of the Indian King was found afterwards upon the field of battle. His head was brought to Babar, together with the prisoners and elephants.

Six days after, public prayer was held in the mosque of Delhi in the name of the new Emperor of Hindustan, the first of the great Moghuls.


فرمودم که این جوی را برجه و پیساق ساختند بسیار جوی خوبی شد

THE EMPEROR BUILT HIMSELF A PALACE AT AGRA, AND PLANTED A GARDEN IN WHICH WERE ROSES AND MANY BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

Babar, when he became Emperor of Hindustan, took the title of Padshah. The Padshah had many battles to fight before every one would submit to him. The greatest of his battles in Hindustan was fought with the Rajputs, under their brave leader, the Rana Sanga of Chitor. In this battle the Rajput warriors had to own defeat to the great Moghul soldier.

HOW HUMAYUN LOST HIS KINGDOM

King Babar did not live very long after conquering Hindustan. He was taken ill of fever and died, leaving his conquests to his son, Prince Humayun.

The young prince was a brave and noble-hearted man. But he had a number of enemies in his new country. Chief of these were Sher Khan Sur, an Afghan chieftain of Behar, and Bahadur Shah, the powerful King of Gujarat.

In the war with the King of Gujarat he climbed one night, with some of his men, up the face of a solid wall of rock into a fortress, and put to flight the soldiers who were defending it. His bravery, wit, and pleasant manners made him a favourite with his people. But he had one great failing that cost him his empire. He was too fond of pleasure, and of idling away his time. He won many victories. But after a victory he would often return to Agra, or make a pleasant camp, and enjoy himself with music and games. While he was doing this his enemies would prepare fresh armies and again march against him. Humayun had also a jealous brother named Kamran, who was King of Lahore. This brother would never help him.

After many wars Humayun's army was at last broken up by treachery. He was lying in camp ready to do battle with Sher Shah. The latter proposed that they should enter into a treaty with one another, so that both should be satisfied, and cease to fight. Humayun, being a brave and honourable man, did not dream of treachery. But the treaty was only a ruse on the part of the crafty Afghan leader. While Humayun and his soldiers, feeling secure, slept in their camp the Afghans attacked them. Nearly all Humayun's soldiers were killed or drowned in the Ganges. Humayun, with the help of a common soldier, managed to swim the Ganges and escape. When he reached Agra this noble prince rewarded the soldier by making him sit on the throne for half a day. During this half day the soldier was allowed to give away as many rich presents to his friends as he liked.

In the next year Humayun raised another army, and fought the Afghans at Kanauj, at the "battle of the Ganges." Many of Humayun's Afghan soldiers went over to the Afghan army of Sher Shah. Humayun was defeated, and had to flee to Rajputana. With the small army that was left to him he marched further and further westward, pursued by the Afghans. They entered a desert, and here a large part of his army got separated from him, and at last he was left with only about twenty brave men. Once the little band found no water for three whole days. On the fourth day they came to a well. The water was so deep down that the man driving the bullocks could not hear the drum when it was beaten to tell him that the water-bucket had reached the top.

At last they reached the town of Amarkot, where the Rana took pity on them and was kind to them. It was at Amarkot, on the fourteenth of October, A.D. 1542, that a son was born to the King. This son was named Akbar.

Humayun next went to Kandahar, and thence to Sistan, in the kingdom of Persia. Shah Tamasp, the

King of Persia, invited the unfortunate monarch to his Court at Ispahan. There he stayed for some little time, and the King of Persia promised to help him to win back his kingdom.

SHER SHAH SUR, AND HOW HUMAYUN WON BACK HIS KINGDOM

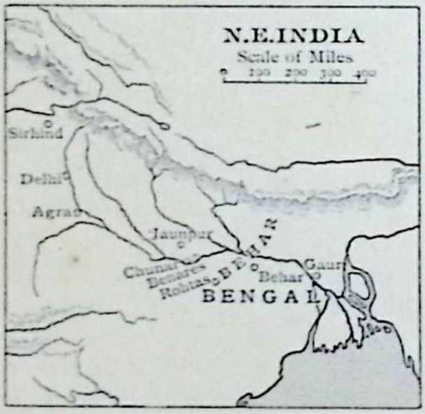
SHER SHAH SUR'S own name was Farid. He belonged to the Afghan family of Sur, descended from the princely house of Ghor. When Farid was a boy, being unhappy at home, he left his father's roof and went as a common soldier in the service of the Governor of Jaunpur. From this humble beginning he rose to be Emperor of Hindustan. Farid had no powerful kindred to go to when he failed. Having no one to depend upon but himself, he dared not allow himself to fail. Sometimes, in after life, he used unfair means to gain his own ends, and he was not always true and honourable in all his dealings. But still, Farid was in many ways a great man. He was fond of reading history and poetry.

When Farid had served some years at Jaunpur his father offered to make over to him his *jagir*. On taking over the estate the young man said that, as the strength of a government depended upon justice it should be his greatest care not to violate it. This was a very wise saying, and Farid acted up to it. He was just to the poor. His *jagir* was well cultivated, the people had good crops, and were well-to-do, and his revenues from them were always promptly paid.

In course of time Farid lost his *jagir*. Then he took service with the son of the King of Behar. One day when the King was having a hunting party a lion was roused from its lair. Farid ran straight at it and killed the animal with one blow of his sword. The King at once gave him the name of Sher Khan, or the " Lion Lord," by which he has been known ever since.

While still a young man Sher Khan visited the camp of Babar, and was presented to the Moghul Emperor. One day he was sitting at dinner in the royal tent. He had no knife with which to cut his food. Drawing his dagger, he used that and made a hearty meal. " This Afghan," said the Emperor, " is not to be stopped by trifles, he may be a great man yet."

Sher Khan rose steadily in the service of the King of Behar, until at last he became ruler in all but name. The young King of Behar fled to Bengal, and asked the King of Bengal to help him drive the young chieftain away. The King of Bengal marched against Sher Khan; but the Bengal army was defeated, and Sher Khan won many elephants and much treasure.



He next obtained the strong fortress of Chunar, and won the fortress of Rohtas, supposed to be the strongest fortress in the world. He is said to have won this fortress by a trick.

He told the Rajah who held Rohtas that he was about to make war against Bengal. He asked the Rajah if he would allow his family and treasure to enter the fort and remain there for safety during the war. If he were killed, he said, he would much rather the Rajah had his treasure than any one else. The Rajah agreed to take care of the ladies, and made up his mind that the treasure, once in his possession, should never leave it. So a long line of doolies made their way up the narrow road that led to the fortress. Behind them marched the coolies bearing on their backs the money-bags. But in the doolies there were not ladies, but warriors, and in the bags not money, but bullets. In the first few doolies old women had been placed. The Rajah looked into these, saw that women were inside, and thinking all was right, allowed the remainder to enter. While he was counting the bags of money, the Afghan warriors leapt from their doolies, and took possession of the fort.

Sher Khan in course of time became so strong that he could engage in war with the Moghuls. He had already captured Gaur, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Bengal. He was no longer a Khan, or chieftain, but a King. He was no longer Sher Khan, but Sher Shah, the Lion King. We have read how he defeated Humayun by treachery, and how after the last battle with Humayun, he chased the Moghuls from the country. He now, towards the end of his life, became Emperor of Hindustan. As soon as Sher Shah became Emperor he set to work to act on the wise principles of government that had helped him to rule his *jagir* so well. He built caravanserais along the great road that stretched from Bengal to the Indus, two thousand miles long. He also planted fruit trees along it to give shade and fruit to the tired travellers. At every few miles he caused wells to be dug. He also started horse posts; not only for carrying news to the government, but also for commercial purposes.

Sher Shah sent out governors he could trust to all parts of his kingdom. Their duty was not only to see that the serais were kept in good repair, but also to put down robbers and see that the revenues were fairly collected.

It is said that in Sher Shah's reign a feeble old woman with a basket of gold ornaments on her head might go on any journey. No thief would go near her for fear of punishment from the Emperor's officers.

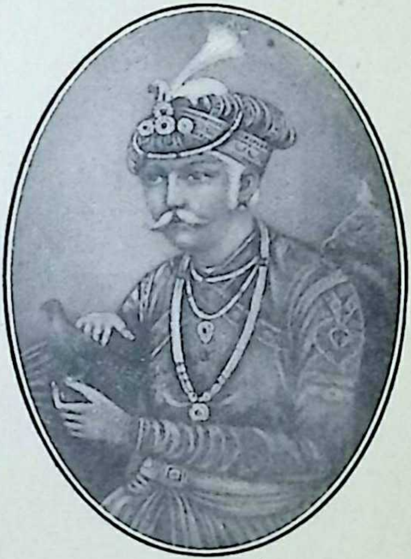
If Sher Shah Sur had been brought up more kindly, and had not spent a life of fighting for success ; if he had been born a prince and brought up in his own home, he might have been a very great and good king indeed.

After Sher Shah died he was succeeded by his son, Salim, or Islam Sur. All the power fell into the hands of his minister, Hemu. The empire fell into confusion. Not many years after, the brave Humayun, with the help of the King of Persia, marched into Hindustan at the head of an army. He and his trusty general, Bairam Khan, who had kept true to him through all his misfortunes, won a great battle at Sirhind, and marched to Delhi, where Humayun once more took possession of his kingdom. Humayun did not live long to enjoy the fruits of his victory. He slipped one day upon the stone steps of the palace at Delhi, and died from the fall.

AKBAR THE GREAT

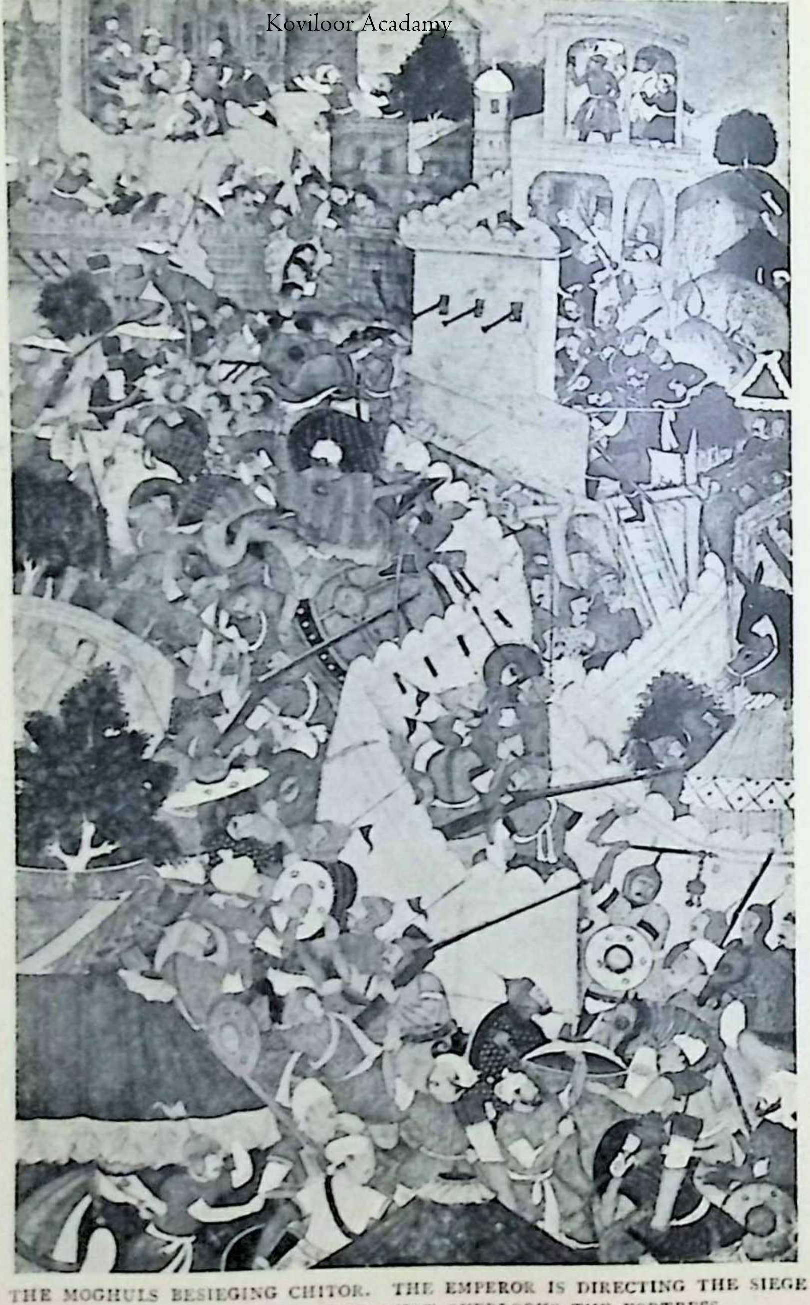
AKBAR PADSHAH was one of the greatest and noblest kings that ever lived. He was so great and strong himself that he could forgive all who fought against him, for he knew that he could always overcome them. Being generous and noble he gathered many great and good men round him. So well was he loved and respected that his followers would give their very lives for him.

Once when the Emperor was travelling from Ajmir to Agra a large tigress walked into the road. The Emperor alighted from his horse and fired his musket at it. The ball grazed the fierce creature's face and made it furious. It rushed at the King, who again fired and wounded it. At this moment a brave follower in the Emperor's train boldly placed an arrow to his bow and shot at the animal. The tiger, which was making for the Emperor, now leaped upon its new assailant. It brought him to the ground and tried to seize his head. The brave soldier thrust his hand into the tiger's mouth, and saved himself for the moment. He drew his dagger and drove it into the tiger's side. But before his friends could kill the tiger he was so terribly mauled by the tiger's teeth that he died from his wounds, and so gave his life for the Emperor.



The Emperor's reign was taken up with wars. In every battle his soldiers showed the same devotion to him. The Emperor in turn was thoughtful of them. When he was making war against the Rajputs, and was attacking the strong fortress of Chitor, he did not force any man to do the dangerous work of digging trenches up to the walls of the fortress. Instead, he offered plenty of money to those who were brave enough to undertake the task.

Akbar was a generous prince. He not only spared the lives of ruling princes who fought against him, but



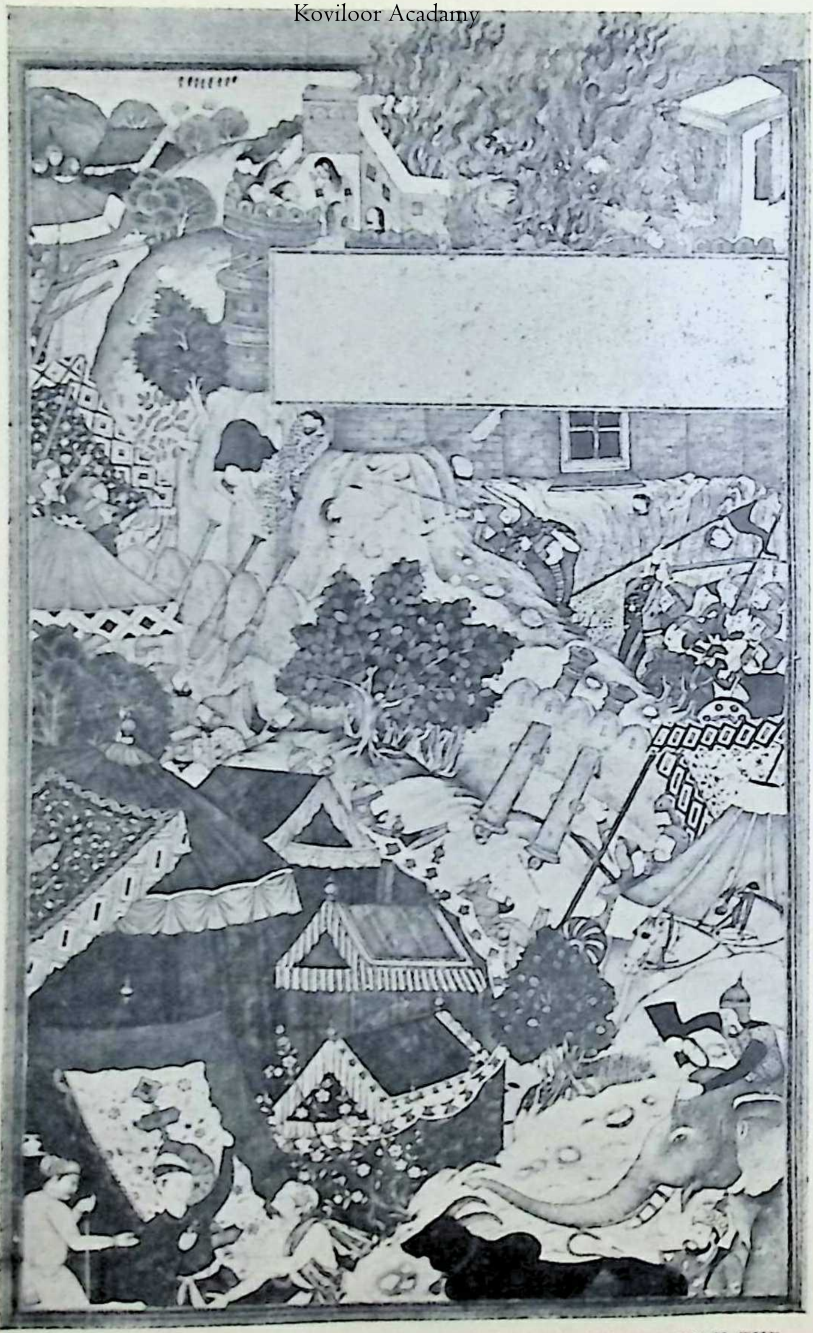
THE MOGHULS BESIEGING CHITOR. THE EMPEROR IS DIRECTING THE SIEGE FROM THE MOGHUL TOWER THAT OVERLOOKS THE FORTRESS.

also of those near him who turned against him. When Akbar first came to the throne he placed great trust in his father's faithful friend and general, Bairam Khan. This general was known as Khan Khanan, or " Noble of Nobles," and was the prince's tutor.

It was the good advice of this strong-minded and faithful friend that enabled Akbar to defeat Hemu and secure the throne of Delhi. For when Humayun, his father, died, Hemu took Delhi, and marched against Akbar with an army many times as large as the Moghul army. All Akbar's counsellors wanted him to leave his Delhi Kingdom, and retire to Kabul. Bairam Khan alone would not hear of it. The young prince resolved to fight, and although Hemu fought bravely, he was overcome by the steadiness and valour of Akbar's army, and the wise leading of Bairam Khan.

Now, Bairam Khan's chief fault was that he was very proud and headstrong. He had been the chosen counsellor and trusty friend of Akbar's father in his wanderings and exiles. He had helped him to win back his kingdom. He could not make up his mind to give up all his power to the young sovereign. Moreover, Bairam Khan's overbearing ways had made for him many crafty enemies, who made mischief between the King and his tutor. Akbar, believing in the good faith of his old friend, would not listen to slanders against him. But in spite of this misunderstandings and suspicions arose. Bairam Khan was less and less inclined to give up his power to Akbar, and at last the young prince was obliged to break away from him.

Bairam Khan began to rebel. But he could not make up his mind to fight against his young prince. His heart was not in his rebellion. At last he sent his slave to the King and begged for pardon. Akbar sent his promise of forgiveness, and bade him come to the Court. On entering the Court, the aged counsellor hung his turban round his neck, and, advancing



THE JOHUR. COMPARE THE DESPAIR WITHIN THE FORTRESS WITH THE LUXURY OF THE MOGHUL CAMP.

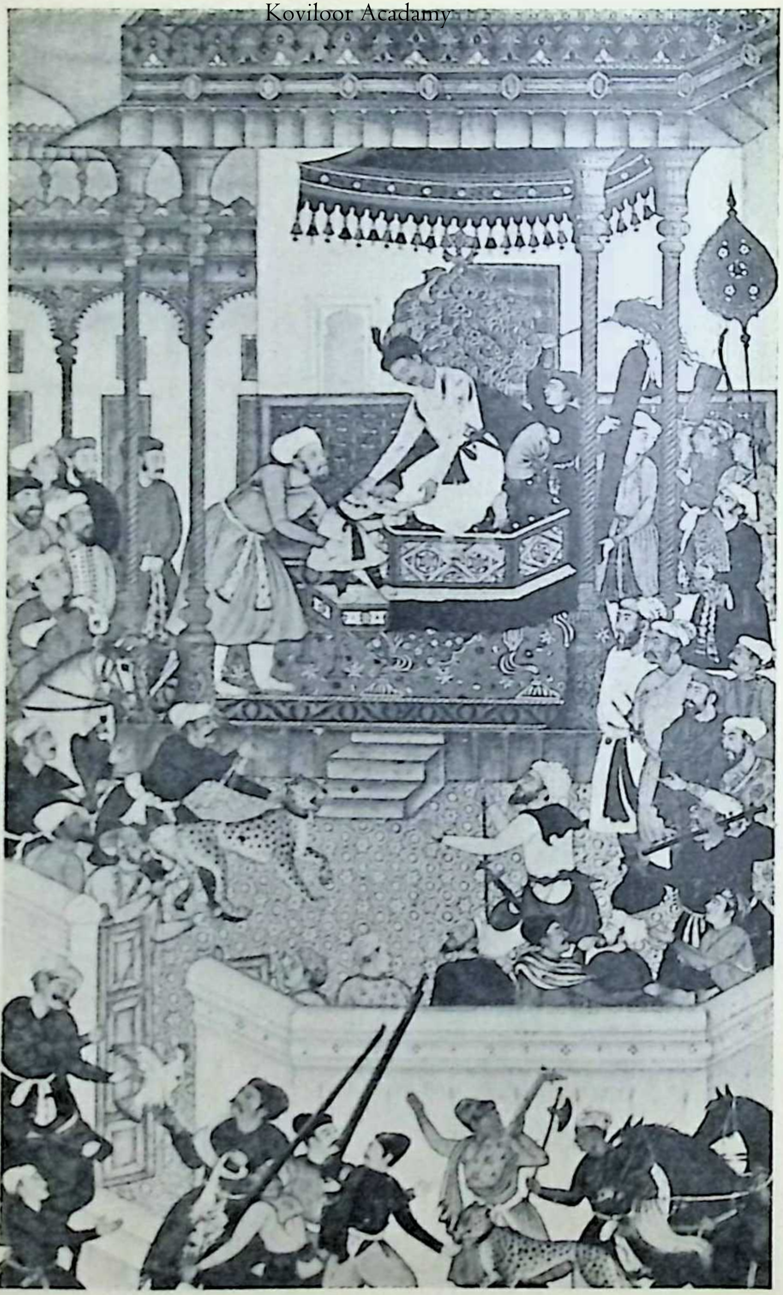
rapidly, threw himself, in tears, at the foot of the throne.

Akbar stretched forth his hand and raised him up, and placed him in his old station at the head of the nobles. But Bairam Khan, although forgiven, could not forgive himself, and set out on a pilgrimage to Mecca. On the journey he met his death.

And so Akbar lived through his long reign, ever winning fresh friends and widening his territories. At his Court were Abul Fazl, the counsellor and historian, his greatest friend ; Faizi, the poet ; Rajah Todar Mal, the wise Rajput minister ; Rajah Man Singh and Rajah Bhagwan Das, and men bearing many other Rajput names famed for their bravery. All in his kingdom, whatever their religion, were made welcome to his Court. There were Rajput princesses among the Emperor's wives. Rajah Todar Mal, the King's minister, continued under Akbar the wise system of government of the great Pathan King, Sher Shah. The roads were kept free from robbers and the taxes were fair. Every one was happy and contented, and rejoiced in peace after the troublous rule of the Pathan kings of Delhi.

At Agra the Emperor kept a magnificent Court. There were five thousand elephants and twelve thousand horses in his stable. There were a thousand hunting leopards ready for the hunt. There were jewels in abundance in the beautiful palace of Fathepur Sikri, which the Emperor built. Fountains played, and richly dressed poets, soldiers, and statesmen mingled together on the marble pavements of the palace.

When Akbar died his empire extended from Kabul to the Deccan, and from the west coast to the Bay of Bengal. He conquered many of the Rajput princes, winning first their respect and then their friendship. There were Rajput generals in his army, and the minister who divided the Empire into provinces, or



AKBAR RECEIVING A REBEL PRINCE'S SON AS A HOSTAGE FOR GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

subahs, and collected the revenue, was a Rajput. This was Rajah Todar Mal.

The Emperor died in the year 1605, after a reign of fifty years. The story of the reign is told by Akbar's friend, Abul Fazl, in his book entitled " Ain-i-Akbari."

A BRAVE QUEEN

We read how the Bahmani Kingdom was founded in the Deccan by Hasan, and how his dynasty became known as the Gangu Bahmani Dynasty. The Bahmani Kingdom rose to greatness and prosperity. While Babar, the Moghul, was fighting against his enemies in Afghanistan the Bahmani Kingdom was the most powerful in India. But its period of greatness at last came to an end, and before Babar marched into India the Bahmani Kingdom had split up into a number of smaller kingdoms. The separate kingdoms thus formed were the kingdoms of Berar, Bijapur, Bidar, Ahmednagar, and Golconda. It is the kingdom of Ahmednagar with which this story deals.

After eight kings of the Nizam Shahi Dynasty had ruled over Ahmednagar there was no direct heir to the throne. The nobles quarrelled among themselves as to who should be king. A great Abyssinian general of the Ahmednagar kingdom wanted one thing, the minister, Mian Manju, wanted another; while Chand Bibi, the aunt of the last king, wanted to have her way also. So there was much discord in the Ahmednagar Kingdom.

Now there were so many Abyssinians in the kingdom at that time, and the Abyssinian party grew so strong, that Mian Manju wrote for help to Prince Murad, the son of the Emperor Akbar, who was then in Gujarat. The minister then left the Court, leaving the city of Ahmednagar in the charge of Chand Bibi.

The name and fame of Akbar and his invincible army in those days filled all enemies with dismay. The news reached Chand Bibi that Prince Murad at the head of an army of Moghuls and Rajputs was marching towards her city. Did Chand Bibi lose courage ? Her two great leaders were away with the armies of Ahmednagar. She had only herself and some few thousands of soldiers to depend on. Yet, in spite of this, she did not lose heart for a moment. She trusted in the strong high walls of her city, and in the courage of those around her. She got ready powder and ball for the guns on the walls, and brought in as much food from the country round as could be found. Then she waited for the attack of the armies of the great Padshah.

One day the lady governor looked out over the walls of her city, and there on the northern face, she saw the Moghul armies appear. The Moghuls had, besides foot and horse soldiers, many guns and engineers. The city lay perfectly quiet. On the second day its defenders saw Prince Murad leave the camp and advance with some engineers and generals towards the city. He was giving orders to the engineers to make trenches to protect his soldiers from the bullets. He was telling the generals where to move their soldiers. With what anxious eyes must these preparations have been watched by those who were pent up in Ahmednagar !

The walls of Ahmednagar were so high that no soldiers could hope to climb over them, and so win the city. First of all holes, or breaches, as they are called, must be made to allow the soldiers to go through. So the Moghul engineers set to work to build tunnels towards the city until they had tunnelled right under the walls. There they meant to place bags of gunpowder with which to blow the walls up.

Meanwhile Chand Bibi's soldiers set to work also to dig tunnels along their walls, so as to find the Moghul mines and destroy them. They found three of them, but before they could find the other two the mines were fired. There was a loud explosion, and a thick cloud of dust rose. When this dispersed a great hole in the wall was revealed to both besiegers and besieged. The Moghul soldiers advanced to the breach, and immediately the Ahmednagar captains began to run away. Not so Chand Bibi. Putting on armour, with a veil over her face and a naked sword in her hand, she flew to defend the breach. Her captains regained their courage, the common soldiers rallied round her, and try as the Moghuls would they could not fight their way in through the breach. The ditch in front of the walls was filled with dead bodies, and when evening came the Moghuls were obliged to retire.

The deeds of the brave Chand Bibi were admired not only by her own followers, but also by the soldiers of Akbar. From that day she was known, not as Chand Bibi, but as Chand Sultana. All night long she stood seeing to the mending of the breach, and by dawn the broken wall was seven feet high. The next day she sent to the absent generals asking them to come to her help as quickly as possible. The message fell into the hands of Prince Murad. He was so full of admiration of the Queen's bravery that he did not destroy the message, but sent it on by one of his own soldiers. After this fight the Moghuls ceased to attack Ahmednagar, and made a treaty. And so the brave Queen saved her country's independence.

JEHANGIR

In the reign of the Great Moghul, Jehangir, son of Akbar, King James the First of England sent an ambassador to Hindustan. The news had reached England that Hindustan had been conquered, and was ruled over by a great Emperor. King James wished to be on friendly terms with this great monarch of

Hindustan, and he hoped that trade would grow side by side with such friendship. Sir Thomas Roe, the ambassador, landed at Surat, where an English factory had already been built, and from there made his way to the Court of the Great Moghul at Agra.

Sir Thomas Roe was a high-minded and learned man. He was also a courtly gentleman. He knew no fear, and allowed none of the Moghul nobles of Surat to treat him badly, as they were wont to do strangers in those days.

The Emperor knew little about the English. He did not know that they were a great and civilized people, and that their King was one of the first monarchs of Europe. Sir Thomas Roe set himself to show to the Emperor the dignity of the monarch whom he represented. He stayed at Agra two years, and saw a great deal of the Emperor. But he could never make the monarch understand that there were other kings living as great and powerful as he.

In spite of the malice of the Portuguese priests at Agra, who did their best to poison the Emperor's mind against the Englishman, *firmans* were granted giving rights of trade to the English.

Sir Thomas Roe kept a diary of what he did and saw while in India, and described in this diary the doings on the Emperor's birthday. It gives us an idea of the magnificence and splendour of the Court of the Great Moghul. The King's birthday was the first of September. On that day, in a very large and beautiful garden, ornamented with water and flowers and trees, were set up some scales of solid gold. The cross-beam of the scales was made of coarser metal with a thin layer of gold upon it. The edges of the scales were studded with small stones, rubies and turquoises. The chains were of gold, large and solid, strengthened with silken cord. Round about, the nobles sat upon carpets until the King came.

At last the King appeared, laden with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and other precious stones. His head, neck, breast, arms, wrists, every finger, were covered with jewels, or fettered with golden chains. There were rubies as large as walnuts, and pearls of great size and beauty. Diamonds sparkled among the more sombre stones. The Emperor stepped into the scales and sat there while bags of silver were placed in the other pan equal to his weight. Then he was weighed against gold and jewels, and again against cloth of gold, silk, linen, spices, and many other kinds of goods. Lastly against butter and corn, which was intended for the baniyas. Afterwards all these things were given away.

The real ruler of Hindustan during the greater part of Jehangir's reign was not the Emperor, but his wife, Nur Mahal. Nur Mahal was a Persian lady whom Jehangir had seen at his father's Court. He wished to marry the beautiful Persian, but his father, the Emperor, would not allow this, and caused her to be married to Sher Khan, a noble of Bengal. When Sher Khan died Jehangir had become Emperor. He sent for Nur Mahal, and offered to make her his queen. For six years the Persian lady mourned her dead husband, but at last she consented to become Jehangir's wife, and came to Delhi.

Nur Mahal was as clever as she was beautiful. The Emperor sought her advice more and more until at last she became in all but name the ruler of the Empire. Her first name, Nur Mahal, or "Light of the Palace," was changed to Nur Jehan, "Light of the World." She was generous and charitable. She used to help girls who were too poor to get married from her own purse, and thousands were grateful for her generosity.

Jehangir was much given to drink, and was too fond of pleasure to make a good king. He owed a great deal to the wisdom of Nur Jehan Begum for the government of his empire.

SHAH JEHAN

THE EMPEROR-BUILDER

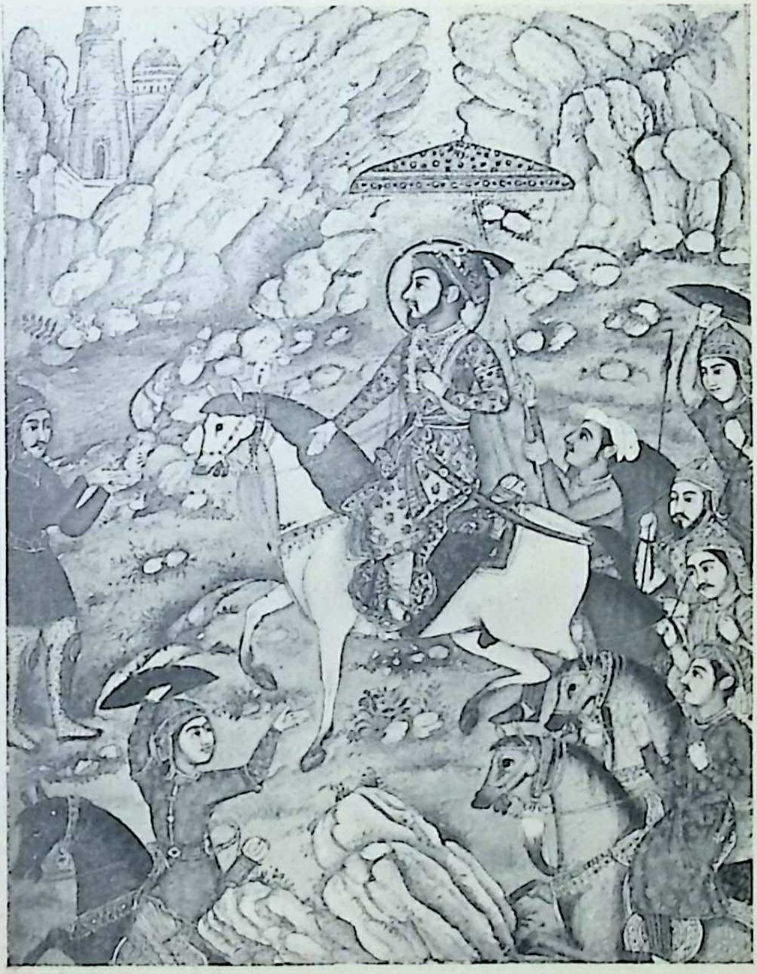
DURING the reign of Shah Jehan, the son of Jehangir, the Moghul Empire reached its greatest prosperity. Several travellers who visited India about this time wrote descriptions of their travels. Chief of these were the French travellers, Tavernier and Bernier.

The Court of Delhi was the centre of the Empire, where all was wit and gaiety. The expense of keeping up so splendid a Court was very heavy, and the taxes were therefore also heavy. But the provinces did not rebel, for if the taxes were heavy they were also fair.

Shah Jehan reigned for many years, the centre of all this magnificence. All the conquests had been made by the Emperors who came before him. His empire was prosperous, and large revenues were coming in. So the Emperor set to work to build beautiful buildings in the great cities of his empire. The earlier Moghul Emperors had also built many beautiful buildings, but they were simpler and less costly than those that Shah Jehan now erected. The most famous of all was the tomb the Emperor built in memory of his beloved wife, Mumtaz-Mahal. It was designed by an Italian, built of solid marble set with precious stones. Thousands of Indian workmen spent many years of their lives upon it before the work was done. Each day, maybe, the Emperor glanced from the red stone windows of his palace at Agra to see how the work went on. Gradually the building rose until at last it was completed and stood gleaming white in the early morning sun, while the river flowed slowly past it to the walls of the palace. The building is known as the Taj-Mahal.

Within the Agra fort the Emperor built the beautiful

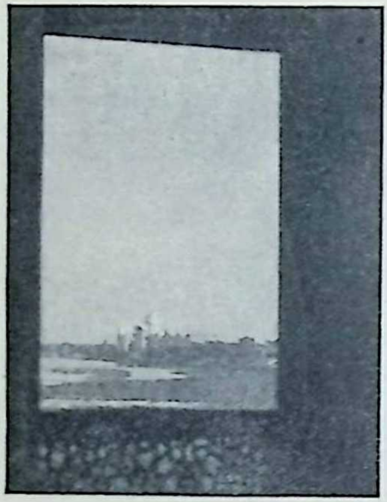
Pearl Mosque. At Delhi, a new city named Shahjehanabad was built at the Emperor's command, and there



THE DEPOSED EMPEROR ON HIS WAY TO THE PALACE AT AGRA.

Koviloor Academy

also a fort and palace were built. In this palace were the famous halls of audience, the Diwan-i-Am, or Hall of Public Audience, and the Diwan-i-Khas, or Hall of Private Audience. In the latter can be read to-day in Persian the motto: “If there be a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this.”



TAJ MAHAL, SEEN FROM THE PALACE WINDOW AT AGRA.

(From “The Other Side of the Lantern,” by permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

In Shah Jehan's old age his four sons grew impatient for the throne. They each wished to become Emperor. So anxious were they, that long before their father's term of life was over they began to fight for the throne. In the end Aurungzeb overcame his brothers and made himself Emperor. He locked up the poor old Emperor, his father, in his Agra palace for the last seven years of his life.

HOW SIVAJI, THE MARATHA CHIEF, FLOUTED THE GREAT MOGHUL

THE Emperor Aurungzeb was a strong-minded ruler, but he lacked the generous spirit of the other Great Moghuls. Jehangir and Shah Jehan had followed the great Akbar's example, and treated the Hindus fairly and justly. They respected the Hindus and the Hindus respected them. But Aurungzeb was different. He

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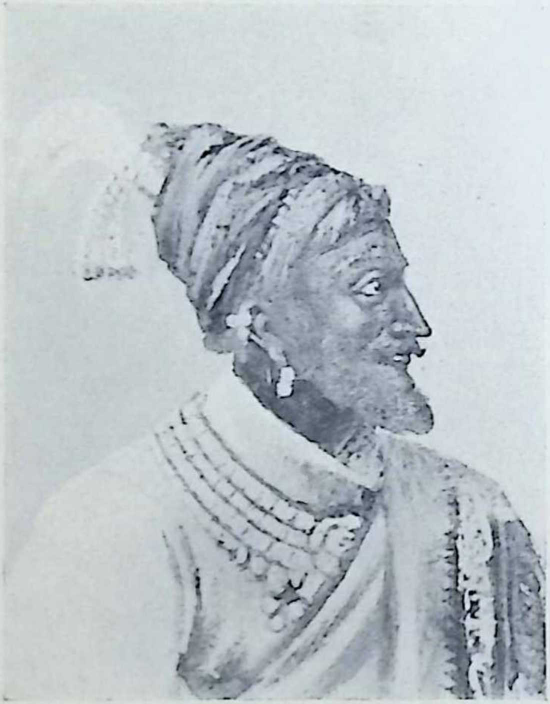
did not hate the Hindus, but he hated their religion. He also disliked the Mahomedan kingdoms of the Deccan, Golconda, and Bijapur, for they were of the Shiah sect of his religion, while he was a stern Sunni.

Aurungzeb was ambitious. He determined to conquer the whole of the Deccan, Mahomedans and Hindus alike, and have the whole of India for his very own. He began by taxing the Hindus, just as the Pathan Kings of Delhi had done in the past. The tax was known as the *jaziya* tax. The Hindus hated the *jaziya* tax above all things. The brave Rajput princes who had served Akbar so loyally and well began to grow lukewarm towards Aurungzeb. But it was in the Deccan that the standard of revolt was first raised against the Great Moghul.

In his palace at Delhi sat Aurungzeb, the powerful Emperor, surrounded by luxury and magnificence. At a sign of his finger ten thousand men sprang to their arms. A frown upon his brow caused the bravest to tremble. It was hewho controlled the lives of uncounted numbers and the accumulated treasures of India. Ever since Akbar had conquered Hindustan the name and fame of the Moghuls carried terror to the hearts of all who opposed them. Yet in spite of this, in the corner of the Deccan, a young Maratha lad, scarcely a man, dared to brave the might of the whole Moghul Empire. This was no other than Sivaji, a chieftain descended from the Rajahs of Devagiri.

Have you ever heard of the fortress of Raigarh, perched on a rock of the Western Ghats? This was the fortress that Sivaji built for himself and his band of daring warriors. Mounted on swift ponies they would venture down on to the plains, and attack the rich cities of other kingdoms. First of all they attacked the cities of the kingdom of Bijapur. When strong armies were sent against them they separated and fled. If a few were captured what did it matter? The others could quickly join together again when the danger was over. The Bijapur armies gave up trying to fight against Sivaji's little band. Instead, the King paid Sivaji a yearly tribute, *chauth*, on condition that he kept quiet, and did not attack the cities of Bijapur.



MAHARAJAH SIVAJI.

Thereupon Sivaji sought for fresh cities to conquer. He attacked the Moghul city of Aurangabad. This roused the wrath of Aurungzeb, who sent an army against him, but the Moghuls did not succeed in capturing the Maratha chief. Being a brave man himself the

Emperor admired the boldness of Sivaji. He invited him to come to Delhi.

Sivaji went to Delhi to see the Great Moghul. He had won a name for himself by his daring, but who could help a feeling of awe at the power of the Great Moghul! Yet the Moghuls had always been honourable, and the Maratha felt sure that he would be safe if he placed himself in their hands. But when Sivaji was in Delhi, the temptation of taking prisoner one who could make himself so dangerous overcame the Emperor's more honourable thoughts. He caused Sivaji to be kept a prisoner in his house. But the keen-witted Maratha leader was not to be kept prisoner by the ordinary methods of the Moghul police. He escaped from the house in a hamper, and on his return to the Deccan, his first act was to make war against the Moghuls. He sacked their city of Surat, and defeated a Moghul army in pitched battle. Never before had the Moghuls met an enemy that feared them less!

Now Aurungzeb's ambition was to conquer the Deccan. He thought that if he could conquer the kingdoms that were established there, he could afterwards easily deal with the little Maratha chief. So he collected the greatest Moghul army that had ever been led, and marched against Bijapur and Golconda. Both these cities fought bravely against the Moghuls, and their cities were not taken without a great deal of hard fighting. Aurungzeb's Rajput leaders did not trust or like him. They put little heart into their work. But at last the Mussulman kingdoms were conquered. It now remained to conquer the Marathas.

This task Aurungzeb thought would be the easiest task of all. But no Emperor ever made a greater mistake. The Marathas were crafty fighters. They would never give the Moghuls battle. They cut off small parties of Moghuls when they were separated from the main army. When the Moghul army marched against them in force, they mounted their fleet little ponies and galloped away. Sivaji was dead, but his son carried on the war.

For twenty-five years the Moghuls remained in the Deccan. The Emperor's hair grew white, and still the Marathas were unconquered. At last the aged Emperor withdrew his armies to Ahmednagar, and there he died. The warlike races of the Hindus rose in rebellion on every side, Rajputs as well as Marathas. At last the Moghuls had met defeat.

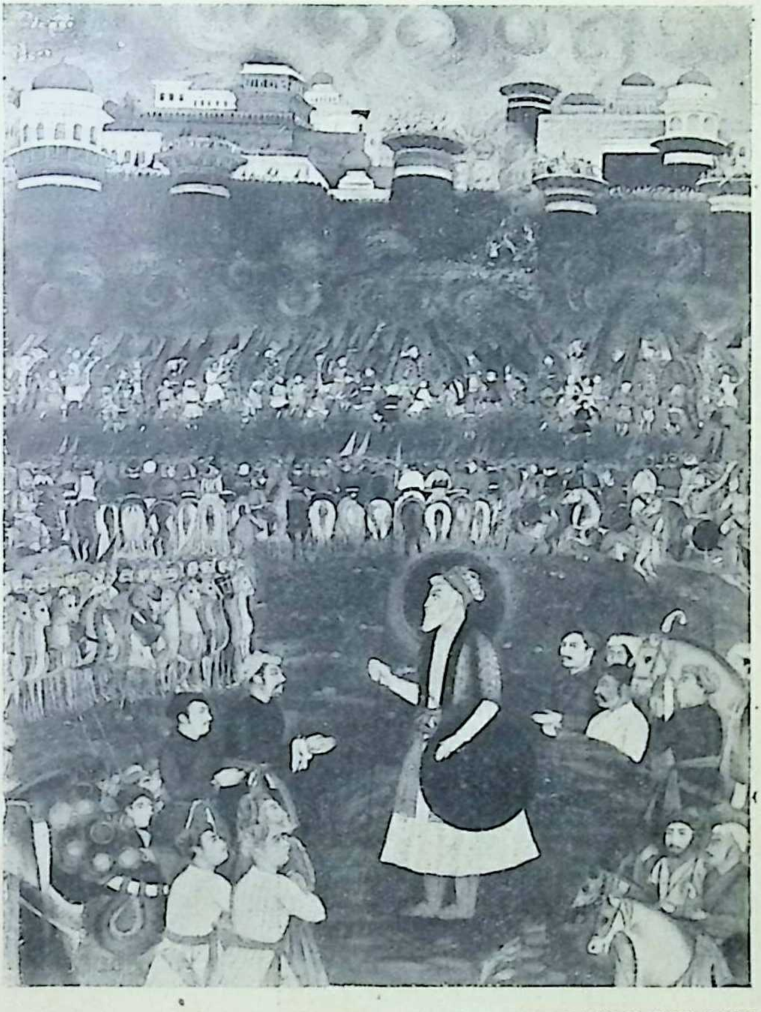
The white-haired Emperor who lay on his deathbed in the city of Ahmednagar was the last of the Great Moghuls.

A STOUT-HEARTED KING

AFTER Bijapur had fallen Aurungzeb marched against Golconda. Abdul Hasan, the King of Golconda, hoped that the Emperor would accept his submission and march away. When he learned that in spite of his messages, offering to submit, the Moghul army still came nearer and nearer, he made ready to fight. He could not hope to defy the power of the Moghul Empire, but at least he would die fighting.

The Moghul army marched up to Golconda, and circled round it, preventing any one from getting in or out. Aurungzeb scanned the high walls, and below them the deep moat filled with water. He saw that the place was strong, and that he must break the walls before he could take it. So he ordered his engineers to dig trenches nearer and nearer to the city, until his army could creep near enough to fill up the moat, and blow up the walls.

King Abdul Hasan had gathered together large quantities of food. He had also plenty of powder and



"AURUNGZEB SCANNED THE HIGH WALLS, AND BELOW THEM THE DEEP MOAT FILLED WITH WATER. . . . CANNONS WERE MOUNTED ON MOUNDS OF EARTH, AND FIRED INTO THE CITY."

ball for the guns on his walls. If he could hold out long enough, he hoped that Aurungzeb would grow tired of the siege, and march away. He sent out half a lakh of horsemen from the city, who charged again and again on the Moghul engineers, and drove them from their work.

From the walls the soldiers of Golconda all day fired their cannon upon the trenches. But Aurungzeb's engineers were able to do a great deal during the darkness of night, and at last they dug their trenches up to the city walls. The Moghul soldiers could now creep along these trenches safe from the guns of the besieged city. The Emperor himself sewed up the first of the sacks of earth which were to be thrown into the moat to fill it up. Cannons were mounted on mounds of earth, and fired into the city while the ditch was being filled up.

At last one night ladders were placed against the walls, and the Moghuls climbed up them. A dog began to bark. In a minute the Golconda soldiers rushed to the walls, drove the Moghuls back, and threw down their ladders.

All this while the Moghul army found it difficult to obtain food. The Marathas, under Sivaji's son, Sambhaji, came to the help of Golconda. They destroyed all the crops within many miles of the city, so that Aurungzeb's army could get no corn or rice. There were also fever and sickness in the Moghul camp. When the rains set in the brave King of Golconda sallied out at the head of his troops, and took many Moghul prisoners. He showed these prisoners the heaps of corn and treasure in the fort, and bade them tell their Emperor that he could feed his starving army with the corn if he would raise the siege. The stern Aurungzeb replied that he would not talk of raising the siege until Hasan came to him with clasped hands.

Man's bravery, powder and shot, mines, and all

The Deccan Kingdoms

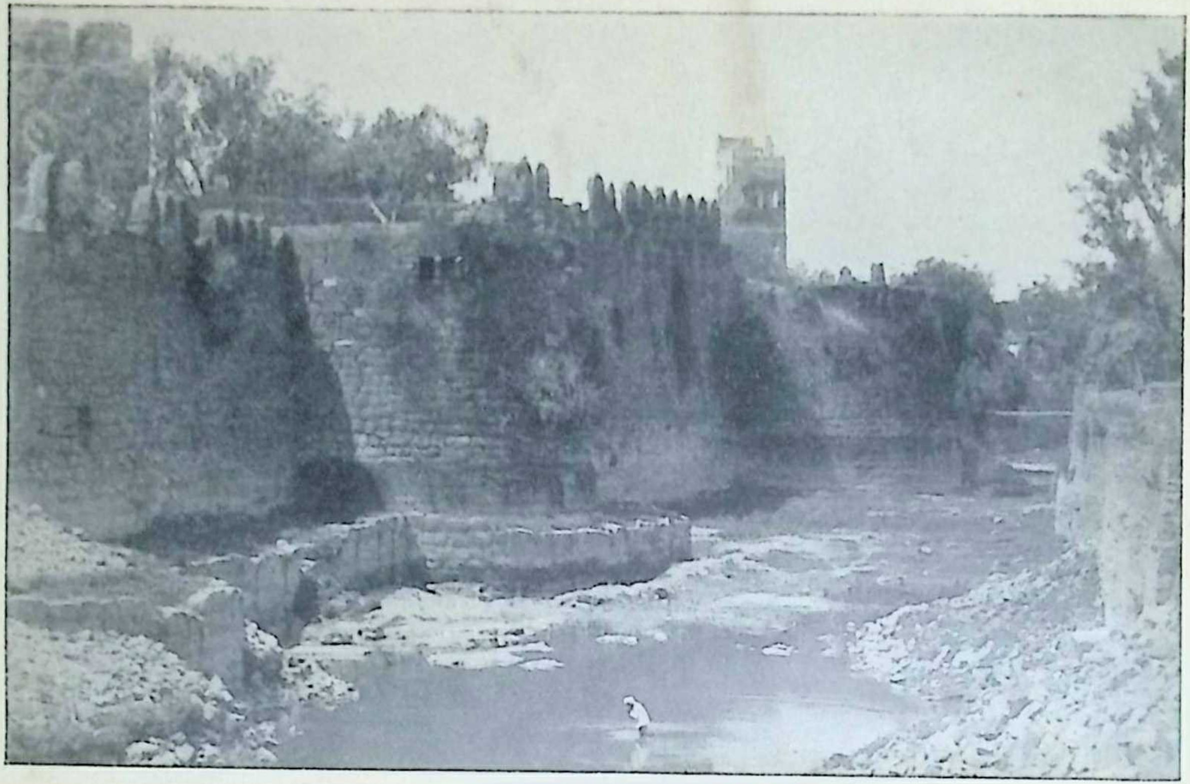
the tricks of war could not subdue Golconda. But treachery succeeded where all these things failed. A gate was opened by some one within the city, and the besiegers poured in. The faithful soldier chief, Abdar Razak, one of the heroes of the defence, saw what had happened, and jumped on his horse. Followed by a dozen of his soldiers he galloped to the gate. He could not stop the inrush, but covered with wounds he fought his way out.

The King heard the shouts and groans in the streets, and knew that his city was in the hands of his enemies. He went into the harem and bade farewell, and then taking his seat in the audience chamber, waited for the Moghuls to enter. When the officers of Aurungzeb strode into his chamber, he saluted them in a kingly manner, as though nothing out of the common had occurred. He then called for his horse, and rode proudly with them to Aurungzeb. The Moghul Emperor treated his enemy with courtesy, for Aurungzeb could respect bravery in another, even in an enemy.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE DECCAN KINGDOMS

You read that Aurungzeb captured the city of Golconda. It fell through treachery, and if heroism alone were equal to strength the city might never have been captured. Let us now read a little of its neighbour, the kingdom of Bijapur.

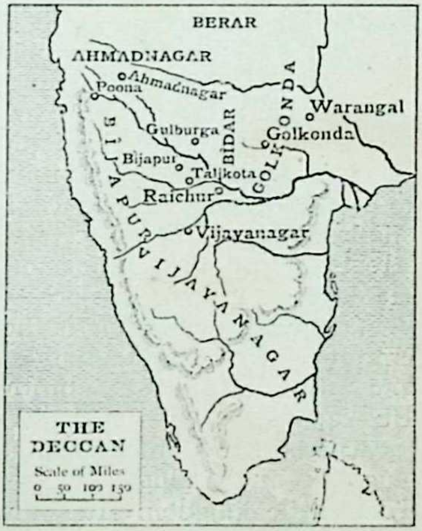
Ever since the Bahmani Empire had split up these kingdoms had been strong and warlike. The kings of Bijapur, of the Adil Shahi Dynasty, were as warlike as those of Golconda. Once, a young King came to the throne of Bijapur, while still a boy. A Regent was



THE WALLS AND MOAT OF THE CITY OF BIJAPUR.

appointed to govern the kingdom until he came of age. This Regent wished to seize the throne for himself. One day he marched to the palace with followers, meaning to take the young King prisoner. The King and his mother had only a few soldiers in the palace to defend them. What did the brave mother do?

The Queen first ordered the palace gates to be shut, and begged the soldiers not to desert their King. Then she and another lady came out, dressed as men, clad in armour, with bows and arrows in their hands. The young King came behind them, while a Turki slave held the yellow umbrella of his father over his head. Ropes were lowered over the palace walls into the city. Up these ropes some more loyal soldiers climbed into the palace, and the brave protectors of the Queen drove the cowardly Regent's soldiers away.


BERAR
AHMADNAGAR
Ahmadnagar
Poona
GOLCONDA
Warangal
Gulburga
BIDAR
Golkonda
BIJAPUR
Bijapur
Talikota
Raichur
Vijayanagar
VIJAYANAGAR
THE DECCAN
Scale of Miles
0 50 100 150

Bijapur was a large city, with many beautiful buildings. It was here that the historian Ferishta began to write his famous history, encouraged by one of the great Bijapur Kings.

Golconda in the same way was the capital of a great kingdom, and many fine buildings stand to this day to show how fine a capital the King of Golconda had. The dynasty of Golconda was known as the Kutb Shahi Dynasty.

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Both the Golconda and Bijapur Kingdoms were often at war. Their most powerful enemy was the Hindu Empire of Vijayanagar. The Hindu Rajahs of Vijayanagar wished to conquer country from the Mussulmans, and the Mussulmans were always willing to make war against the Hindus. Many a battle was fought between Mussulman and Hindu armies, and many a raid was made by Mussulman armies into the Carnatic. Nobody knows how many quiet villagers, anxious only to make their crops grow well, were killed on these raids. At last the Hindus were conquered by a King of Bijapur at the great battle of Talikota, and after that Bijapur became the most powerful kingdom of southern India.

Where was the Hindu empire of Vijayanagar? Near the little village of Hampi in the Deccan can be seen to-day the ruins of the capital city of this famous empire. These ruins are all that remain of the busy streets and public buildings of the city of Vijayanagar. Here were once royal palaces, stables for elephants and horses, and still standing is the Council Chamber of the empire. This city stood by the Tungabhadra River, and was founded by two brothers named Harihara and Bukka.

These two brothers fought against Mahomed Tughlak and rallied many Hindus around them. Their little kingdom afterwards grew into an empire which took its name from the city they founded.

THE FALL OF THE MOGHUL EMPIRE

How the Sikhs turned Warriors

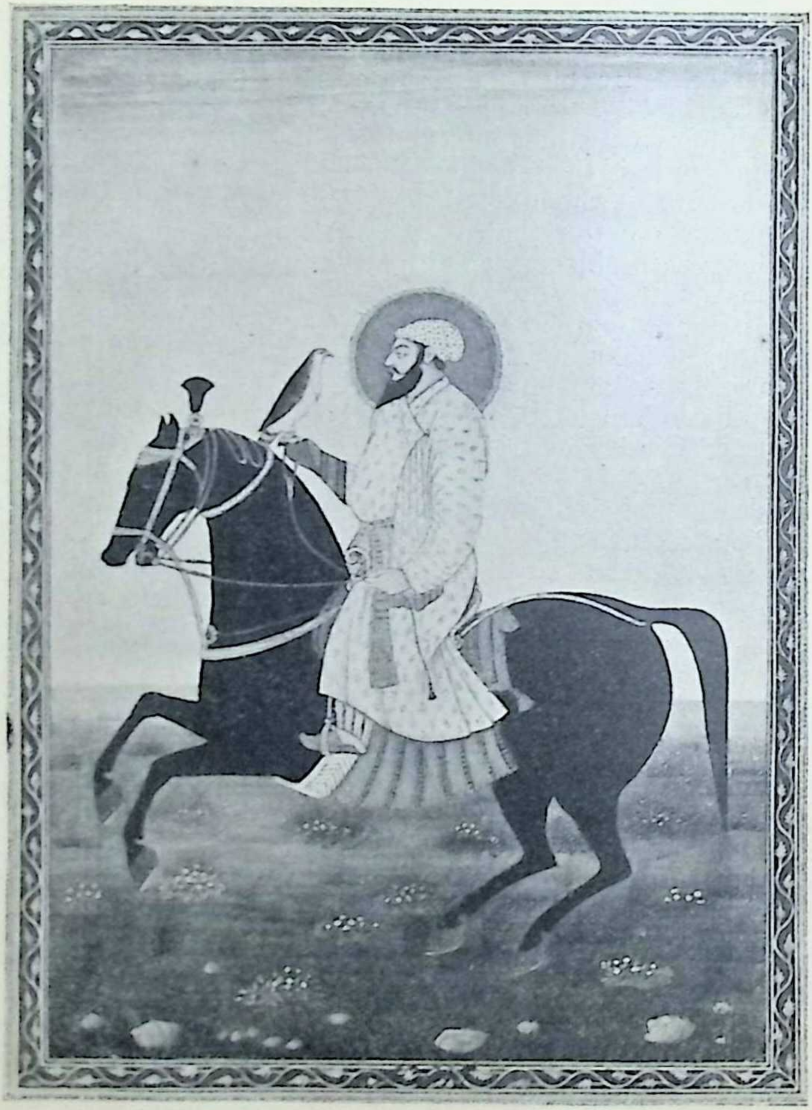
When Aurungzeb died there were many rebellions on the part of Hindus all over the empire. The Rajputs rebelled and refused to pay the *jaziya* tax, and the Marathas never ceased to make war. But yet another Hindu power rose in northern India, through the hard treatment of Aurungzeb. These were the Sikhs.

You know that at various times great men have preached to their fellow men. Such men have been good men, who desired so much to see their fellow creatures better that they have spent their lives on this single object. The great Sankaracharya in early times rose to preach in favour of the Hindu religion. His preaching had a great deal to do with the passing away of Buddhism in India. Later on there were the preachers Ramanuja and Chaitanya, also learned, wise, and good men. Kabir, in the north-west of India, urged Hindus and Mahomedans to forget their differences, and follow a single religion. This was a noble idea. The first of all these great preachers was the Buddha himself.

While the last of the Pathan Kings was ruling at Delhi, a wise preacher named Nanak was born at Lahore. Nanak was a reformer, just as Sankacharaya had been years and years before. Baba Nanak, as he was lovingly called, believed that there was one God for all men. He believed that all men,. whether Hindus, Mussulmans, Jains, or Buddhists, were equally beloved by God. He was such a tolerant, sympathetic man himself, and believed so thoroughly that love, rather than hatred, should exist between all sects and religions, that the people of the Punjab all respected him and accepted his teaching. His followers were known as Sikhs, which means disciples.

Father Nanak was the first *guru* of the Sikhs. He was followed by nine other *gurus*. Their sacred book was the *Granth*.

The Emperor Aurungzeb hated the Sikhs because he regarded them as infidels. Just as Mahmud of Ghazni, many centuries before, thought that he was



GOVIND SINGH.

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doing deeds of merit when he killed the Hindus, so thought Aurungzeb when he caused the ninth Sikh *guru* to be beheaded. After all those years there were still Mahomedans who had not learned to be tolerant! The murder of the ninth *guru* caused his son, Govind, to burn with hatred for the Mussulmans. Hitherto, the Sikhs had been quiet, peaceable people, in accordance with their religion; but at last they turned against their persecutors. Under Govind they took the title of Singh, or Lion. They allowed their beards to grow, and banded together to fight till death against the Mahomedans. After Govind Singh was slain forts were built in all parts of the Punjab by the Sikh Sirdars, or leaders. They attacked the Mussulmans of the Punjab, threw down their mosques, killed their priests, and destroyed their villages.

The Marathas at Delhi

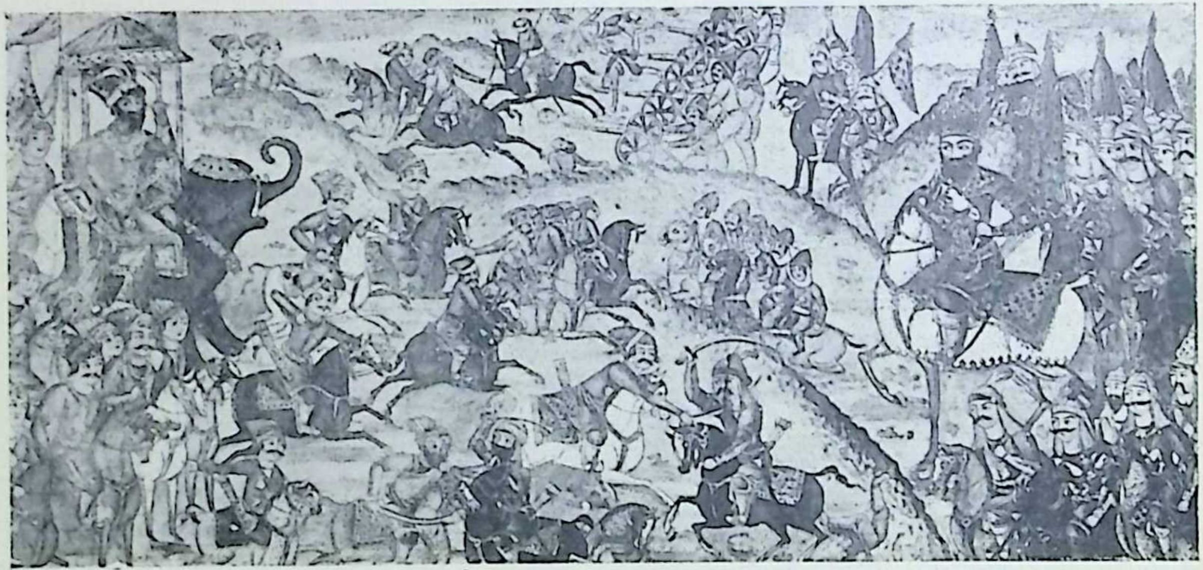
We have read how Aurungzeb failed to conquer the Marathas in the Deccan. After his armies retired the Marathas did not put away their arms. They had been roused from the peaceful cultivation of the soil to fight the Mahomedans under their Maharajah Sivaji. They had succeeded against the armies of the Great Moghul. Why should they not go further and make India once again a great Hindu empire as it was in those early times before Mahomedan invaders ever set foot in the country?

After the death of Sambhaji, the descendants of Sivaji had not their great ancestor's fire and spirit. The ruling power of the Maratha people passed into the hands of the Peshwa, or Prime Minister. In those rough-and-tumble times the strongest minded made their way to the top. So, many of the men who became Peshwas were vigorous and able men.

The first of the Peshwas was Balaji Vishvanath, who led an army to Delhi, and made the feeble Moghul monarch grant him the right to take *chauth* from the Deccan. He was followed by the Peshwa Baji Rao, and then by Balaji Baji Rao. In the time of these able men the Marathas rose to their greatest power. They conquered Gujarat, Malwa, Berar, the district now known as the Central Provinces, and Orissa. They made raids into Bengal and the Punjab. On every hand they made their power felt, and all the time the Moghul Emperors grew weaker and weaker, until at last they became monarchs in name only, stripped of all their power.

The first blow to the Moghul Empire came from the north. Nadir Shah, the famous soldier king of Persia, marched into Hindustan. First of all he took Kabul, which was still a Moghul province, then he marched to Delhi. Once more this ill-fated city was put to the sack. Thousands and thousands of people were killed. All the treasures from the Moghul Emperor's palace were borne off to Persia.

Thus, through the intolerance of his great-grandson, the Empire of Akbar was ruined. No longer was the capital city gaily thronged with richly dressed omrahs and Rajput princes. No longer did the streets resound to the stately tramp of richly harnessed elephants. No longer did people troop to the palace to seek justice from the mighty Emperor, who sat in the hall of justice decked with precious stones. The streets were empty, the palace deserted, and the Moghul monarchy was no more.



THE BATTLE AT KARNAL, BETWEEN NADIR SHAH OF PERSIA, AND MAHMUD, KING OF DELHI.

HOW THE TRADING COMPANIES BEGAN TO MAKE WAR

We have read how the Maratha armies marched to Delhi, and how, almost at the same time, Nadir Shah sacked that city. Only fourteen years after this Delhi was again sacked by the fierce Afghan, Ahmed Shah Durani, King of Kandahar. While these changes were taking place in India, what was happening round the coasts?

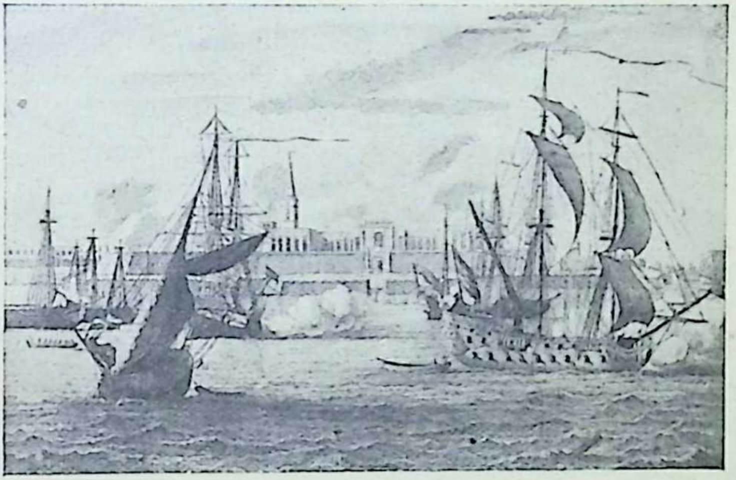
There English, French, and Dutch ships were all busily sailing into Indian ports, loading and unloading their cargoes. Ever since the reign of Jehangir, when the Portuguese were defeated, these nations had been peacefully employed in trade. The first settlements made by the Europeans were on the west coast, the coast nearest to Europe. Here the famous factories of Surat were built. Afterwards factories were built at Bombay, which became the chief port of the west coast. East India Companies were formed by the English, French, and Dutch nations to carry on the trade with India.

European ships not only sailed to the ports of western India, they also sailed round to the ports of the east coast. Fort St. George was founded in Shah Jehan's reign, and soon grew into the trading town of Madras. In the reign of Aurungzeb a famous Englishman named Job Charnock founded Fort William, round which grew up the trading town of Calcutta. The chief settlement of the French was at Pondicherry.

This was indeed a time of wars in India. First of all Maratha armies entered Delhi. Then the Afghans conquered Delhi. Then the Marathas drove the Afghans out of Delhi. And lastly the Afghans swooped down again on the Punjab and routed the Marathas.

And now the Europeans, who had hitherto been peaceful traders, also began to fight. So there was war not only in the interior of India, but also round its coasts.

A great Frenchman named Dupleix was at this time governor of all the French settlements in India. He made friends of the Indian princes, and lent them French soldiers to help them fight their battles. Now, the soldiers from Europe were scientifically trained, and they could always beat the soldiers of Indian princes. How much then was Dupleix's friendship sought after! Dupleix, in fact, became so great a man, and the French became so powerful, that the English feared the French would grow strong enough to drive them from India, just as the Dutch had driven the Portuguese. At this time England and France were continually at war in Europe. When the next war



FORT WILLIAM, WHICH IS NOW SURROUNDED BY THE GREAT CITY OF CALCUTTA.

broke out between them in Europe the English in Madras also made war on the French in Pondicherry.

The chief Indian ruler in the south of India at this time was the Nizam of Hyderabad. The chief ruling prince who owned allegiance to the Nizam was the Nawab of Arcot. Dupleix wished to place his friends in these high positions, while the English wished their friends to occupy them. Neither nation, having once begun war, would be satisfied until one or the other was defeated. So a number of wars followed. At one time the English had the best of it, and at others the French were victorious.

The English fortunes once were in so low a state that it seemed almost certain that they would be driven from southern India by the French. It was then that Robert Clive, a young writer in the service of the English East India Company, turned the tables on the French, and saved his countrymen from defeat.

CLIVE'S MARCH TO ARCOT

Locked up in the city of Trichinopoli was Prince Mahomed Ali, the friend of the English. Outside were the troops of the French and their friend Prince Chanda Sahib. The English had not enough soldiers to defeat the French. Trichinopoli was the only city that remained to them. If that fell the cause of their friend Mahomed Ali would be at an end, and the French would be everywhere triumphant. Yet what could they do without soldiers? Their cause did indeed seem lost.

With the English soldiers was Robert Clive. He grew impatient with the fighting. What was the use of fighting small battles with small bodies of the enemy's soldiers? The English were not strong enough to risk a big battle, and only a great victory could drive the French from Trichinopoli. So Clive returned to Fort St. David, and made a proposal to the Governor of the English who was at that town.

Arcot was the chief stronghold of Chanda Sahib and the French. The English and Mahomed Ali seemed so weak that Chanda Sahib did not think it necessary to leave many soldiers behind to guard that city. He led all his men down to Trichinopoli, where he hoped to carry everything quickly before him, and finish the war. Clive proposed that he should march right through the enemy's country and seize Arcot, their principal city. If he could do this Trichinopoli would be saved, for Chanda Sahib would leave it to recapture Arcot.

Clive set off for Arcot at the head of a little band of two hundred Englishmen and three hundred sepoys, with three small guns. So swiftly did he march that he took every one by surprise, and passed all dangers before soldiers could be called together to stop him. No one even dreamt of an English army daring to invade Arcot. Every one knew that the English and their friends were about to be destroyed at Trichinopoli. What was the surprise of Chanda Sahib's soldiers then when they found the English upon them! Arcot fell to Clive with scarcely a blow being struck.

As soon as Clive had captured the city, he set his little band of soldiers to defend the walls. He knew that as soon as Chanda Sahib heard what had happened, he would hurry away from Trichinopoli, and come back to retake his own city of Arcot. Clive knew that more English soldiers were on their way from England, and that, before very long, help would be sent to him. He made up his mind to fight till the last, for he knew that the cause of his country depended upon him. His bravery and thoughtfulness for his troops had made them devoted to him. The Indian sepoys almost worshipped him. In the trials of the siege, when the food was nearly all gone, the brave sepoys wished to give their English comrades the rice, and keep for themselves only the water in which it had been boiled. To what an extremity must the brave garrison have been reduced!

But no hardships dismayed the spirits of Clive's men. Their leader, beloved by English soldier and Indian sepoy alike, upheld them by his manly courage and cheery words of hope. And at last relief came to the brave garrison. The French and the troops of Chanda Sahib were driven from the walls. The English, under Clive, marched out of the city, and drove their assailants before them. Victory after victory was won, until the French were glad to end the war and make peace. Another great English soldier who took a leading part in this war was Major Stringer Lawrence. Clive looked up to Major Lawrence with respect and affection, for the older soldier had been a good friend to the young man.

At the end of this war the great French leader, Dupleix, was recalled to France. He was the most dangerous rival to the English in India, but every one, whether English, Indian, or French, must admire and respect one so loyal to his country. When the King of France's messenger read out his recall and disgrace in the Council Chamber of Pondicherry, Dupleix's voice alone broke the silence, crying, "*Vive le Roi!*" "Long live the King!" When he returned to France he was refused all honours, for no one in France knew how he had striven to make France the greatest European nation in India. Neglected by his country, this great Frenchman was allowed to die, ten years later, in the direst poverty.

The young officer, Robert Clive, who had won victory for the English, received many honours from his countrymen. It is said that no one was so surprised

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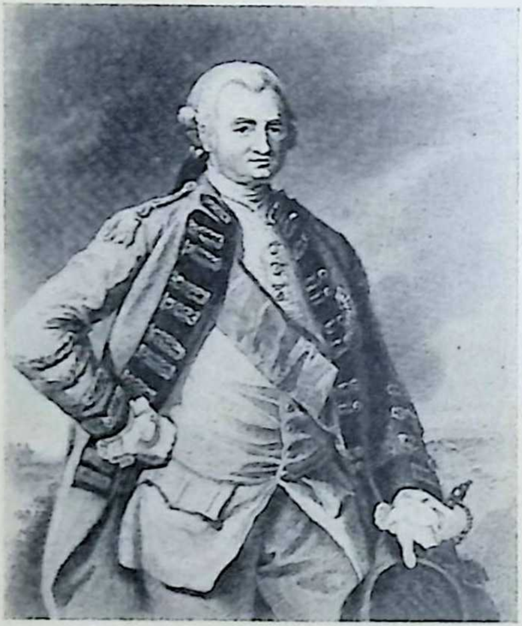
at his success as Clive's own father, who had sent his son to India because he thought he would never make his way in England. At first, a poor writer in the East India Company's service, Clive now became a Colonel in the Company's army. Afterwards he became the Governor of Bengal, and no name is more illustrious than his in the history of British India.

HOW THE BRITISH BECAME RULERS IN BENGAL

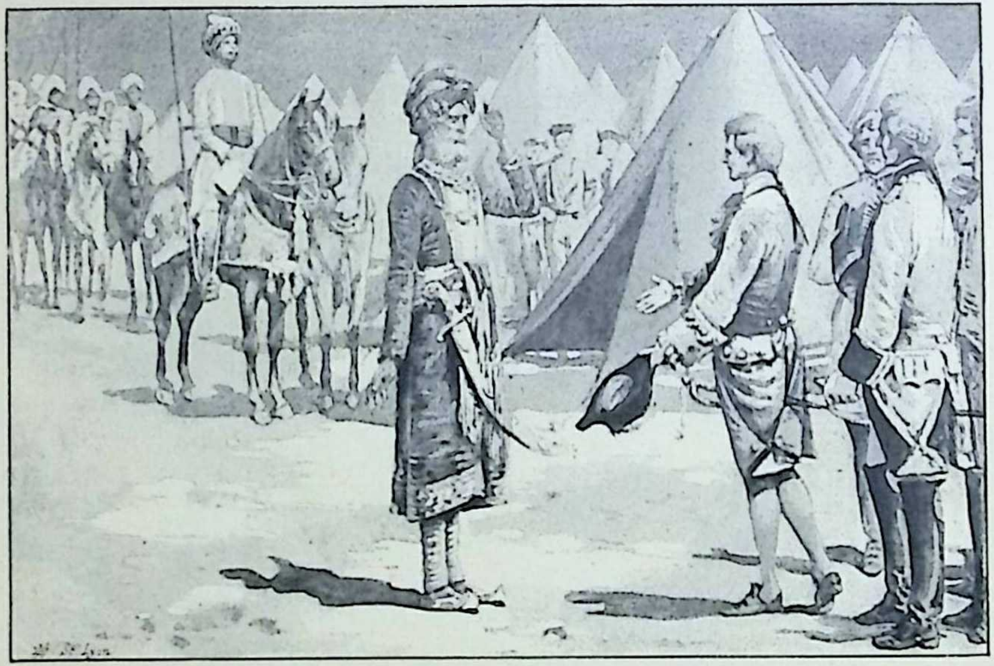
AFTER Nadir Shah invaded Delhi, a brave warrior named Ali Vardi Khan made himself ruler of Bengal. Bengal was a subah of the old Moghul Empire, and the ruler was still known as the Subahdar. In the same way, the official title of the Nizam was Subahdar of the Deccan. Ali Vardi Khan was a wise ruler. His capital city was Murshidabad. He encouraged the English traders who were established at Calcutta in his country in their trade. He allowed them to build factories at other towns, such as Patna and Dacca, and at Kasimbazar, near his own city of Murshidabad. Ali Vardi Khan, on his death, was succeeded by a young man who was both headstrong and foolish. This young man was a grandson of the old ruler, named Suraj-ud-daulah. The young prince heard that the English were building new walls to their fortress, Fort William. He ordered them to stop doing this. The English governor replied that he was not building new walls, but strengthening the old ones. Suraj-ud-daulah grew very angry when he received the English governor's reply. He marched at once, at the head of his army of fifty thousand men, on Calcutta. The English fort was not at all ready to defend itself. There was little powder and shot, and little food, and the place was quickly taken.

The European prisoners were placed by their guards in a small room. There were one hundred and forty-six prisoners; the night was hot and sultry. The poor prisoners soon began to feel the want of air. One by one, overcome by the heat, struggling for breath, they died. In the morning, when the door was opened, only twenty-three were found alive.



LORD CLIVE.

When the English people of Madras heard of the deaths of their countrymen they were overcome with horror. They resolved at once to send an army to



THE MEETING OF ROBERT CLIVE AND MIR JAFAR.

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Bengal, and punish Suraj-ud-daulah. The army that was sent was led by Clive.

The English ships sailed up the Hughli, and landed Clive and his soldiers at Buj Buj. They took Calcutta, and then stormed the Nawab's city of Hughli. The great final battle was fought at Plassey, a place between Hughli and Murshidabad. Here the Nawab's army of seventy thousand footmen and horse soldiers, besides some French troops with their heavy guns, were encamped. Clive's army numbered only three thousand men. But Mir Jafar, one of the Nawab's generals, had promised Colonel Clive that he would withdraw his army when the battle began. The Bengal horsemen attacked the small English force, but were driven back by the shot from the big guns. But the Bengal army had by no means lost the day when Mir Jafar and another general persuaded the young Nawab to fly. Suraj-ud-daulah mounted a dromedary and fled. Clive then advanced and drove the leaderless Bengal army from the field.

The English now placed Mir Jafar on the *masnad* of Bengal. But the new Nawab was only a puppet in the hands of his English friends. From this time forward the English were the real rulers of Bengal.

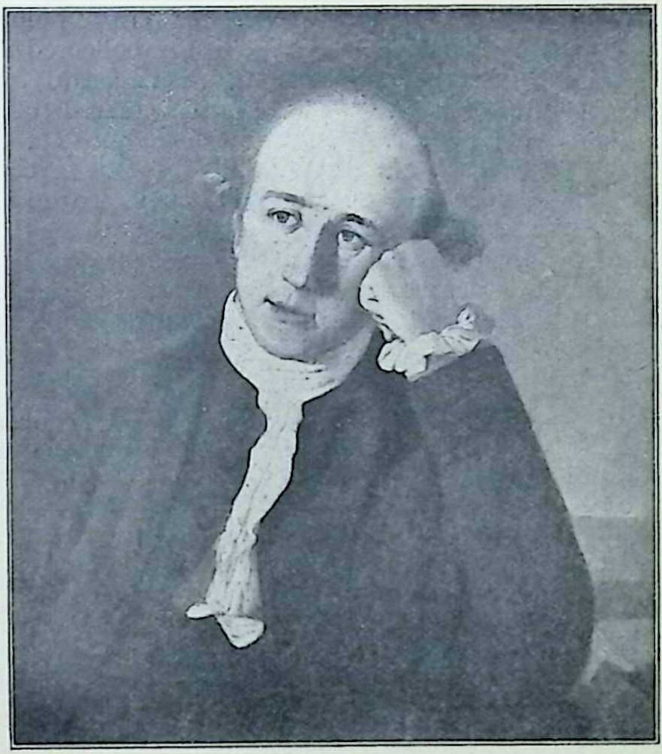
WARREN HASTINGS

FIVE years after Lord Clive left India another great man became Governor of Bengal. This was Warren Hastings. Like Clive, Warren Hastings entered the East India Company's service as a young man. He rose steadily in the service. From Bengal he was transferred to Madras, where he became a member of

Warren Hastings

the Governor's Council. From Madras he again came to Bengal, this time as Governor of Bengal.

Warren Hastings was a mild and gentle man. No one knew the singleness of purpose and steady will of the new Governor. Yet Warren Hastings, once he made up his mind, never swerved from his purpose.



WARREN HASTINGS.

He had many enemies. His chief enemy sat in his own council. Whatever Warren Hastings proposed, this man, whose name was Philip Francis, tried to thwart. Philip Francis even caused a charge of accepting bribes to be brought against the Governor, but this cruel and unjust charge fell through.

Through all this opposition Warren Hastings worked steadily, improving the government of Bengal. It was during his rule that English *collectors* were appointed to collect the revenue. Each collector collected the land tax of a district. He was also a magistrate. If any one thought that he was not being treated justly, he could bring his case before the collector. If one man took another man's bit of land, the matter could be brought before the collector, who decided who was right. Of course, under the Moghuls and Pathans there were also judges. Warren Hastings' system took the place of older systems, and he made sure that the collectors would judge fairly. In Calcutta there were two Courts of Appeal. If a man did not think he had obtained justice from the collector, he could take his case to the Court of Appeal, where it would again be tried. A great judge named Sir Elijah Impey was the chief judge at this Calcutta court. The Governor-General caused a book of law to be written, partly according to Hindu customs and partly according to Mussulman customs. This law became the law of the land, which every one was obliged to obey.

Warren Hastings was the founder of the system of government by which we are ruled to-day. He appointed policemen, who, helped by the village patrols, caught thieves or other criminals. After Warren Hastings had ruled over Bengal as Governor for two years, he was made Governor-General of all the British territories in India. After thirteen years of rule, the great Governor-General returned to England, where he found that all his best actions had been misunderstood. His enemies had spread false reports about him. He retired to his own home in the country, where he lived to a good old age.

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HAIDAR ALI, SULTAN OF MYSORE

Mysore is the country of the Kanarese. For hundreds of years it had been ruled by its own Rajahs. Before the battle of Talikota, when the Vijayanagar Empire was great and powerful, the kingdom of Mysore formed a part of that empire. After the battle of Talikota Vijayanagar split up into a number of small kingdoms ruled over by petty princes known as *naiks*, or *polygars*. The Mysore Rajah conquered some of the Polygar states and his kingdom grew larger and stronger. Among other places, the Rajah took Seringapatam, which became the chief city of the kingdom. While Clive was fighting in Bengal another famous soldier was winning fame in Mysore. This was a Mussulman soldier from northern India named Haidar Ali, who took service under the Rajah of Mysore. This soldier could neither read nor write. But he was a brave man, and his heart was full of ambition. He rose until he commanded the Mysore army, and from that position it required only one step for him to be King. So Haidar Ali became King, or Sultan, of Mysore.

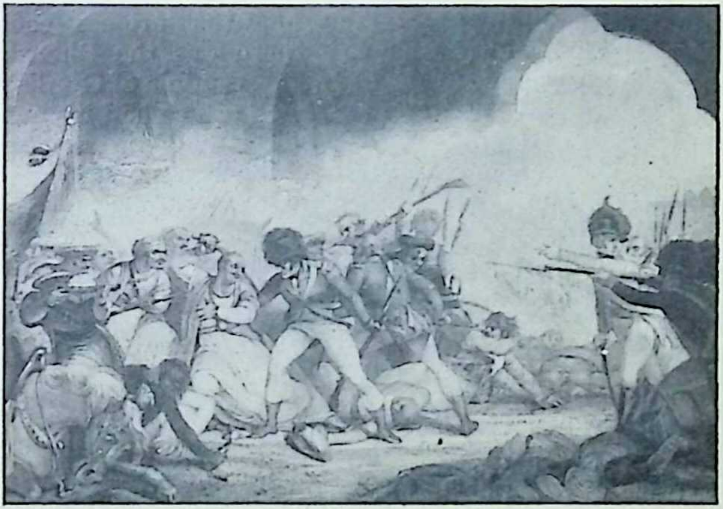
Haidar Ali now drilled his troops in the European fashion. He took Frenchmen into his service, who helped to train the Indian soldiers. In this manner his armies were victorious and he soon became a very powerful prince indeed. He began to make conquests. Sometimes he marched against the Marathas, and sometimes he swooped down on to the Carnatic, ruled over by the British. Many a battle did the Sultan fight with his neighbours. Many a time was he defeated by the skilful English leader, Sir Eyre Coote. Once he was joined by the Dutch and French against the English. The rains set in before he could march his troops, and before the dry weather came again the Sultan died.

A man who began life as a common soldier and ended it as a powerful king must have had many fine qualities. The Sultan was not a tall man. His nose was small, his eyes were small, and his face was browned by the sun. He always dressed neatly. His turban was of brilliant scarlet, and very long. When he led his soldiers he wore a uniform after the European manner, of white satin with gold flowers, and yellow drawers. The Sultan gave all orders in the government of his kingdom. Nothing could be done without his permission. His little, shrewd eyes saw everything at once. Although an uneducated man he was a very great ruler of men.

TIPU SULTAN'S LAST FIGHT

BEFORE he died Haidar Ali warned his son not to fight the English. But Tipu hated the English, and as often as he saw a chance, he made war upon them. He was as brave as his father. But he was more cruel, and had not the same wise head. Now, the English at this time feared the power of the French. Napoleon Bonaparte, the French Emperor, was the greatest conqueror of the age. Under his leadership French armies won victories in nearly every country on the continent of Europe. The French Emperor even wished to invade England. Afterwards Napoleon was defeated and taken prisoner by the great English soldier the Duke of Wellington. But at this time he was at the height of his power. So the English carefully watched every movement of the French.

Tipu was for ever seeking an opportunity of crushing his father's opponents, the English. He called upon the French to help him. This caused the Marquis Wellesley, who was then Governor-General, to take up arms against him. One English army marched from Madras and another from Bombay. Tipu was twice defeated, and then took refuge within the walls of his city of Seringapatam. The British forces surrounded the walls, and battered them with heavy guns. When a hole was made, the soldiers rushed through it into the city. Tipu fought bravely on the wall, striving to drive the British soldiers back. He died fighting bravely, and the city and the kingdom of Mysore then became British. Lord Wellesley restored the old portion of the kingdom to the last living prince of the ancient line of Hindu Rajahs of Mysore.



TIPU SULTAN'S LAST FIGHT.
(From an engraving in the Indian Museum.)

THE GREAT PRO-CONSUL

How the Marathas were conquered

At the height of their power, when the Marathas fought the Afghans in the Punjab, all the Maratha princes looked up to the Peshwa as their leader. But later Peshwas were not great leaders like Baji Rao and the early Peshwas. So the Maratha princes each became independent rulers. There was the Bhonsla Prince of Nagpur, Holkar of Indore, Sindhia of Gwalior, and the Gaekwar of Baroda. Each prince had his own Court at his capital city, and each had an army of Maratha horsemen ready to obey his commands. The army of Sindhia was trained by French officers.

The Maratha princes were all jealous of one another. They were constantly fighting among themselves, and so long as they were powerful there could be no order in India. They allowed bands of Pindari robbers to attack travellers on the roads, and took a part of the plunder themselves.

Lord Wellesley, the Governor-General at Calcutta, saw that the only way to have India well ruled once more was to place it under one firm rule, just as it was in the time of the Great Moghuls. So he made up his mind to conquer the Maratha princes. Two British generals were placed in command of large armies for this purpose. One of these was Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Governor-General's brother, who afterwards became the Duke of Wellington. The other was Lord Lake.

Sir Arthur Wellesley conquered the Deccan, where he won the great battle of Assaye against the Bhonsla's army. Lord Lake defeated Sindhia's troops at Delhi. He drove them from the city, and set free the Moghul Emperor, who still sat in his Court, although all power had long since departed from the Moghuls.

After this, British Residents were placed at the Courts of the Maratha princes to see that robbers were put down, and that there was peace and justice in their countries. Lord Wellesley in this way became the supreme ruler over India, and his firm conduct secured peace to the country. He is often spoken of as "the great Pro-Consul."

SIR THOMAS MUNRO

The Story of a Great and Good Man

One of the wars with Tipu Sultan ended with the Treaty of Seringapatam. Tipu gave up some territory, which was divided between the British and the Nizam, who had joined in the war against him. Officers were sent by the Madras Government to settle the new country. The young officer who took in hand the settlement of the Salem District was Thomas Munro.

Under Haidar Ali and Tipu the cultivators had to pay very large sums of money to the Sultan's officers. The many wars of the two Sultans were very costly, and money had to be raised somehow. So any money the villagers earned was taken from them. The British were now masters of the land, and Munro had to settle the amount of revenue to be paid by the villagers to the Madras Government. The system he adopted was known as the ryot-wari system. Afterwards this system was adopted nearly all over the Madras Presidency. Under it the money was paid direct by the ryots to the Government. The sum that each landholder had to pay was fixed by the settlement officer. This amount was never changed without good reason. Sometimes, in bad years, the amount was lessened.

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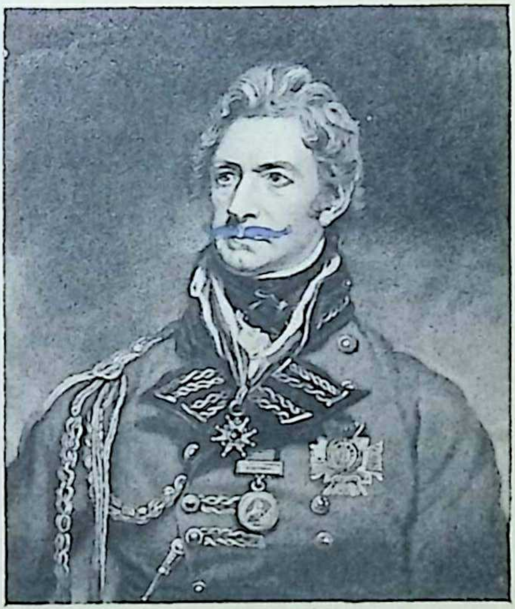
If the ryot got larger crops from his land by making improvements upon it, the Government did not therefore increase the amount he had to pay. They allowed him to reap the full benefit of his industry.

The work of fixing the revenue was long and tedious. The settlement officer had to travel over the whole of the country under his charge. A number was given to each field, and the name of the holder was registered in the Government books, together with the amount that was to be paid each year for it to the Government.

After the fall of Seringapatam and the death of Tipu more country came under British rule. Munro was sent to settle the District of Kanara. The years he had spent in Salem had seen the country under his charge change from a state of famine to one of prosperity. Everywhere he went the people welcomed him. To the justice and mercy of this young settlement officer they owed their well-being. He now set to work to make Kanara a contented district.

In his new country Munro was everywhere beset by cultivators, who cried, " We have no corn, no cattle, no money ! How are we to pay rents ? " They feared that he was like the tyrant officers of Tipu, who took from them all they had. So they, poor things, pretended they had none at all. But gradually they learned that the new officer did not wish to drag every pice from them. He only wished to find out what they could fairly be expected to raise from their lands each year, and to settle what amount of that they must pay to Government for the right of holding their lands. In fifteen months the cultivators had learnt that they need no longer fear that they would be plundered of their earnings. They set to work to plough and sow. Soon green crops sprang above the ground. And where before there was wailing and misery, now could be heard the sound of happy voices, and the busy creaking of the water wheel. Robbers were put down, and the countryside set itself to enjoy a time of peace and plenty.

The Nizam made a treaty with the British. By this treaty the districts of the Mysore Kingdom that were given to him, were ceded by him to the British. These are still known by the name of the Ceded Districts.



SIR THOMAS MUNRO, BART., K.C.B.

Major Munro was now appointed to the new districts. They were in a state of terrible disorder. When Major Munro took charge, thirty thousand armed peons were roaming through the country under some eighty polygars, or petty chiefs, who robbed for their living. Bands of robbers wandered through the country plundering and putting travellers to death to obtain their money. Almost every village had its own fort, or was surrounded by walls, the remains of which may be seen to this day. So we may guess in what a state of fear the villagers must have lived. In the Central Provinces to-day similar walls may also be seen. It was here that the Pindari robbers, under the protection of the Maratha chiefs, robbed and plundered the villages.

When Munro had put down the robber bands, and patiently settled the revenue to every one's satisfaction, he thought that he would like to return home. During the whole twenty-seven years he had been in India, this kind friend of the Indian people had never ceased to write to his parents, and look forward to seeing his home again. But when he reached his home in Scotland, he found the father he had left so fresh and full of life had grown white and feeble. His mother was dead. How sad a home-coming must this have been after years of exile in a foreign land!

When Munro returned to India he became the Commissioner of the Southern Maratha country at Dharwar. Here he was engaged in the war with the Marathas. War was in the first place his business, for he was, first of all, an army officer. He won fame as a soldier, and became a general. When the war was over General Munro was appointed Governor of Madras. He was also made a Knight Commander of the Bath, a high honour signified by the letters "K.C.B." He died while on tour at the village of Patti Konda, near Gooty. So the life of this kind and great man ended in the country he had learnt to love so well. He was known far and wide by the people whom he ruled, not as officer, or governor, but by the affectionate term "Father of the People."

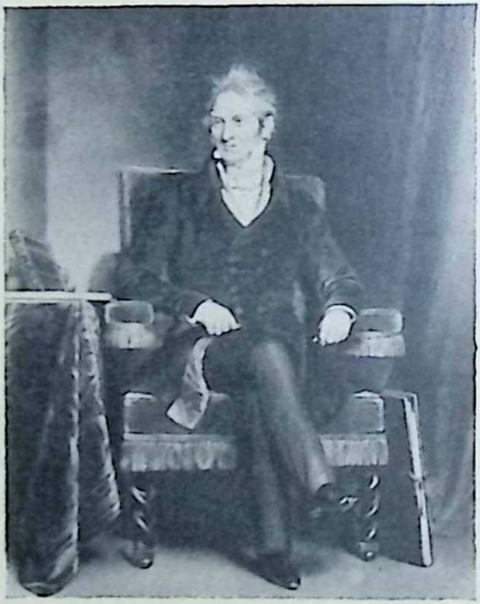
MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE

YOU have read how Sir Thomas Munro settled the new territories of the Madras Presidency when the fall of Tipu Sultan brought that land under British rule. In the same way a great administrator settled the territories that came under British rule after the Marathas were defeated.

The story of the wars between the Marathas and the British is a long one. When the Marquis Wellesley was Governor-General in Calcutta the Maratha princes were defeated, and were obliged to have a British Resident at their capitals. The Peshwa did not like this arrangement, and he never ceased to look for an opportunity of freeing himself. So he entered into a war with the British, known as the Third Maratha War. In this war the Peshwa was defeated, and his territories were taken over by the British as a part of the Bombay Presidency. The Satara State was given to a descendant of Sivaji, whose line once more became the rulers of Satara. The officer selected to settle the revenues of the new districts was Mountstuart Elphinstone.

The new country stretched from the Tapti river as far south as Mysore. For many years past it had been the custom of the Maratha princes to move across their lands with armed men, forcing the ryots to give up all they had as revenue. The task that Elphinstone entered upon was very similar to the task of Sir Thomas Munro in the Madras Presidency.

Disorders had to be put down, and peace and security given to the ryots. The revenue was fixed according to the crops that the land of each landholder would raise. The amounts to be paid each year were made less than they were before, and not more than the ryot could afford to pay. There were no zemindars. The *patel*, or watchman, of each village took the money from the ryots, and paid the revenue to the Government. The *patel* had also to see that order was kept in the village. In the towns the *patel's* duties were done by the *kotwals*, or chief constables.



MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.

Over all the village and town officers was the Collector, to whom serious matters were taken. He settled disputes, or he might allow those who quarrelled to settle their disputes before a *panchayet*. *Amins*, or Indian judges, were appointed in the cities.

The change from violence to a just and kindly rule made the Bombay Presidency a happy and prosperous country.

Mountstuart Elphinstone was the cause of this change in the Bombay Presidency. Kindly and quietly —but steadily—he worked for the good of the country under his charge, until, when he was thirty-nine years of age, he was made Governor of Bombay.

Elphinstone was a wise and good Governor. He twice visited every part of the Presidency he ruled over. He caused the law to be written down in the form of a Code. Every one, by looking at the Code, could then see what was right according to law, and there could be no room for doubt. He also paid much attention to schools and education. His work for education bore fruit in after years, and the Elphinstone College was named in gratitude after him. He was also a deep scholar, and could speak Persian and several Indian dialects besides. After he retired to England, he found time to write his famous " History of India," which has long been regarded as a standard work. Mountstuart Elphinstone will always be remembered with feelings of reverence and gratitude as the man who brought peace and prosperity to the country of the Bombay Presidency.

LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK, THE REFORMER

When we read of Rajput ladies choosing to die rather than fall into the hands of their husbands' conquerors, we think how noble their conduct was. It is a noble act, too, for a wife to seek death when her husband dies rather than live without him. We cannot deny that such conduct is the utmost proof of love and faithfulness. But it is different if a wife is made to die because her husband is dead, although she does not wish to die. The custom of *sati* is so old that we do not know when it began. But the custom of forcing a widow to be a *sati* is cruel. The Moghul Emperor Akbar would not allow ladies during his rule to be forced into *sati*. Lord William Bentinck, who came to India as Governor-General, is famous for not allowing *sati* to take place in India under British rule. He made *sati* a crime against the law, and from that time the custom has been stopped.

This was not the only reform of that kind-hearted reformer. In the days in which he became Governor-General there lived all over India men who lived by murder. They were known as Thugs. These Thugs carried no arms. A traveller could not tell them from peaceful men like himself. But when the traveller reached a lonely part, if Thugs were walking with him, they passed a scarf round his neck, throttled him, and stole his money. Lord William Bentinck appointed special officers to search the villages and find out who were Thugs. The famous Colonel Sleeman, in six years caused some fifteen hundred of them to be taken, and the horrible practice of the Thugs came to an end.

It was during Lord William Bentinck's term of rule that English was declared the official language in India, by the advice of Macaulay, the historian, who was born in Calcutta.

Lord William Bentinck was Governor-General in Calcutta while Elphinstone was Governor of Bombay. It was he who opened the Elphinstone College in Bombay shortly after the great Governor had retired to England. He also opened the Medical College of Calcutta. He did much for the cause of education in India, and was steadily helped in his good work by the great Hindu reformer, Rajah Ram Mohun Roy.

Lord Dalho-usie.

LORD DALHOUSIE

JUST about a century after the battle of Plassey one of the greatest of British rulers in India became Governor-General. This was Lord Dalhousie. What a change had taken place since the British under Clive first began to be rulers in India! First of all the British were traders pure and simple. They had no wish to be anything else. They came to India to sell English goods there, and to carry back Indian goods to sell in England. All they wished was to make a profit for the East India Trading Company, which they served. Making war costs a great deal of money. The Company did not wish to make war, and would not have made war if it had not first been attacked. The beginning of British rule was caused by the cruel act of Suraj-ud-daulah. The English took away the power of the Nawabs of Bengal because Suraj-ud-daulah caused their countrymen to be killed. Once they became rulers, they were obliged to defend the country under their rule against invasion. The Marathas at any time might attack British territory, so war was made against them, and their country came under the control of the British. The process, so begun, could not be stopped. Gradually the British Governor-General became the most powerful ruler in India, and at last, because the British rule was just and strong, it became supreme.

Lord Dalhousie came out to India after a great part of India had come under British rule. He did not believe in half measures. He saw that the territory under British rule was peaceful and happy, while the territory under some of the Indian princes was not well ruled. So he took further territories under British rule. The Kingdom of Oudh, the Maratha kingdom of Nagpur, and other states were added to

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British India. There is no doubt that the people who lived in these countries were happier under the new rule than under the old.

By this time Hindustan and southern India had become one land under the British. The age in which Lord Dalhousie lived was an age of progress. Steam engines had some time before been invented, and railways were being built all over England. Telegraphs were also becoming general in Europe. Now that India was one land, why should she not march with the times, and keep pace with the countries of Europe ? So Lord Dalhousie set to work to build railways across India. He also set up telegraphs. He improved the *dak* system. Instead of runners that carried letters, as in the days of Sher Shah, letters were carried by the railways. The postal fees in India were made so small that the poorest in the land could afford to send letters through the post.

Before the rule of Lord Dalhousie India was just as it had been ages before. The people living on one side of India knew little of the people who lived on the other side. Kingdoms fought to increase their power, instead of living peacefully side by side. In olden days the countries of Europe did the same. It was commerce between countries that made them better known to one another. The more they knew of one another the better friends they became, and the less they wanted to fight. It is only by knowing and understanding one another that we can learn to like one another. Similarly, the various parts of India under the new order of things began to know and understand one another. Commerce sprang up between the north and the south, the east and the west. Merchants of Madras sent their goods to Bombay. The goods of Bombay were sent up to the Punjab, or across to Bengal. All over India railways began to carry goods, where before none had been carried. In times of famine rice was carried by the railways to those parts where food was scarce. On every side the country woke up, took more interest in what was going on, and India became a country of modern progress. Every one became so interested in work that no one had time to think of old-fashioned things like fighting.

We owe this change mainly to the work of that great ruler and statesman, Lord Dalhousie.

Lord Dalhousie spent eight years of his life in India. During the whole of that time he worked and planned for the progress of the country. The climate of India tries the health of all those who come from cooler countries, as it does indeed the health of those who are born and bred to it. So when Lord Dalhousie retired he had used up all his energy. He spent his time on the voyage home in writing about the country he loved next best to his own, and reached England only to die. What an example of self-sacrifice does the life of this great statesman offer! He sacrificed his life to his duty.

THE LION OF THE PUNJAB

YOU will remember how the Sikhs under their fighting *guru*, Govind Singh, became warriors, and fought the Moghuls. Ever since that time, Sikh princes, or Sirdars, ruled kingdoms in the Punjab. In the year 1799, a young prince named Ranjit Singh took the city of Lahore. This young prince was no ordinary man. He was as brave as a lion, and one of the greatest of Indian soldiers and rulers. He conquered other Sirdars of the Punjab, until all owned him as their leader. The Sikhs were now no longer divided, they banded together under their Maharajah, Rànjit Singh.

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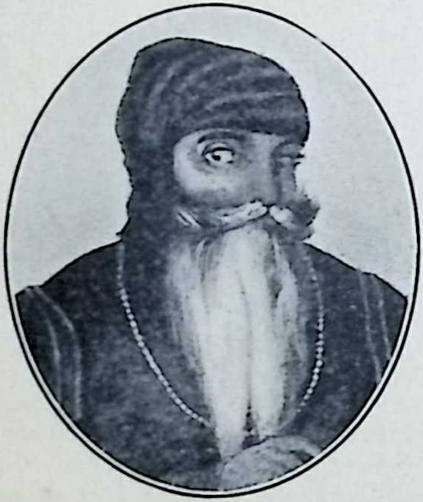
The Sikh Kingdom became a great power, with European trained armies, dressed in uniforms and armed with accurate guns. Over them all, in his city of Lahore, sat Ranjit Singh, watching events with his shrewd eye.



RANJIT SINGH.

Ranjit Singh was a wonderful man. He was born to be a ruler of men. Men obeyed him without pausing to ask why. All the Sikh people, warriors, priests, and nobles, looked up to him as their leader.

He was not a tall or commanding man in appearance. He had been stricken by an illness that disfigured him completely. He was short, and mean-looking, and probably the most ugly man in the Punjab. His left eye was quite closed, while the other rolled about wide open. His face was thin and marked with the small-pox. His grizzled beard was scanty on the cheeks, and matted under the chin. His left arm and foot drooped with paralysis. Yet as soon as he mounted his horse, with his black shield on his back, Ranjit Singh seemed to breathe the spirit of a conqueror. His figure became alert and full of life, and he managed his horse with the ease of the youngest warrior in his army.

When the great Maharajah died, after ruling for some forty years, he was succeeded by his son, Dhulip Singh.

While Ranjit Singh was alive he kept true to a treaty with the British, not to attack the country on the other side of the Indus. But Dhulip Singh and the Sikh council broke this treaty, and attacked the country protected by the British. This led to two wars with the British. The second war took place in the time of Lord Dalhousie. The Sikhs were defeated, and the Punjab became a part of British India.

It was in the work of giving a good government to the Punjab that two great Englishmen made themselves famous. These were Henry Lawrence and his brother, John Lawrence.

THE LAST SIEGE OF DELHI

The great changes that took place in the time of Lord Dalhousie caused the people of India to feel afraid. Telegraphs and railways were so different from anything they had ever known or heard of that at first they distrusted these new things. The British Government, ever since they became rulers in India, had had an Indian army. The sepoys in the Indian army wondered at the railway engines as much as anybody. They could not at that early time understand the reason for bringing such things to India.

Now it happened, by an unfortunate accident, that grease was used by the British makers, in the paper of the gun cartridges which were given to the sepoys. In the old-fashioned cartridges it was necessary for the man who was going to shoot them to bite them before placing them in his gun. The British officers did not know that cow's or pig's fat was used in these cartridges. Yet it was found afterwards that such was the case. They insisted upon the sepoys using the cartridges.

The sepoys thought their officers wished to make them break their caste. They refused and rebelled. Then many terrible scenes occurred throughout Hindustan. British officers were killed by the sepoys, who went mad with the thirst for blood. In some cases the sepoys had so much affection for their officers, who had shared the dangers of many a battle with them, that they would not kill them; but in many cases the British, both men and women, were killed. A rebel leader named Nana Sahib did one terrible deed that will make his name infamous for all time. We need not dwell on the cruelties of that time, all of which arose from misunderstanding. The rebels declared the living descendant of the Moghul Emperors to be King of Hindustan. Thousands of them trooped into Delhi, where the Emperor was, and shut the gates.

In various parts of Hindustan British garrisons were surrounded by rebel sepoys trying to take their lives. That kind friend of India, Sir Henry Lawrence, lost his life in the defence of the Lucknow Residency. English armies were quickly collected together to overcome the mutineers. They marched to Delhi, for they hoped that as soon as that city was taken, the mutiny would die out. But it happened that there were few British troops in India at that time, while inside the city were thousands upon thousands of mutineers. Slowly more troops came out from England, and at last the brave Sir John Nicholson led an assault upon the city. A hole was blown in the walls, and after many days of fierce fighting in the streets the city was taken. Sir John Nicholson, respected and loved by all who knew him, whether Indian or English, fell at the head of his men, after leading them into the city. The mutiny then was gradually stamped out.

After the mutiny the English Parliament took away the government of India from the East India Trading Company. It declared the Queen of England to be

Lord Ripon:

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ruler of India. And from that time the great and good Queen Victoria became the sovereign of India. In a famous declaration she made, she promised to govern the people well, to allow them to take part in the government, and to let every one practise his own religion. The brave, good words of Queen Victoria made her beloved throughout India. When the mutiny was over, the Moghul Emperor, whose name was Bahadur Shah, was sent to Burma. He was the last of the line of the Great Moghuls.

LORD RIPON

The Viceroy who gave Self-Government to our Towns

When Lord Ripon became Viceroy of India we were at war with the Amir of Afghanistan. During the first year of his rule this war took up the Viceroy's attention, but he had all the while great schemes for the well-being of India in his mind. Lord Roberts made his famous march to Kandahar, saved the British garrison that was locked up in the city, and drove the Afghans away. Shortly after this the war ended, and Lord Ripon brought in his famous Local Self-government Act.

Before Lord Ripon's time elective self-government was unknown in India. In ages past the King was always the sole governor of the state. Every one in his kingdom obeyed him, from the vizir to the village headman. No one could gainsay him. He was an autocrat. The early Viceroys of India filled the places of the kings of India. Their government was an autocratic government.

In Europe also, the kings were autocrats until a few centuries ago. But in these few centuries great changes took place in Europe. The people began to wish to take a part in the government of their land. While good kings reigned over them, and kept the land at peace, they were content with their rule. But when bad kings threw the country into war, and the people were obliged to leave their business to fight, not because they wanted to, but because it was the King's wish, they began to be discontented. As time went on people fought against their King, and the English Parliament was established. The duty of Parliament was to make the laws of the land. All laws were made by the people's representatives. War was only entered into at the wish of the people. But over all the King reigned. His sanction was given to everything before it became law. Lord Ripon hoped that it would be possible some day for India to have some form of representative government. As a first step, to teach the people the Western methods of government, he caused the governing bodies of towns in India to be *elected*.

Now, what work could there be for the governments of towns to do? In the first place, if roads are not repaired they go to rack and ruin. These have to be kept in repair. Then the roads must be kept clean, or disease soon appears. Then there are bridges in the towns, lights in the streets, and public wells that have to be looked after. Then there is primary education, and free medical advice to poor people. All these things are the work of the governments of the villages and towns. In order that the Municipal Councils might have money to do these things, they were given power by Lord Ripon's Act to collect taxes. Taxes were raised on houses and land, tolls were taken on roads and ferries. Various other taxes were imposed so that there might be money to spend in doing things for the public benefit. In the Punjab octroi duties were collected on goods going into the towns or municipalities.

The Municipal Councils carried on the government of the towns and villages. But surely the Districts also required a government. Otherwise, who would see that the great main roads were kept in repair? Who would build hospitals for the Districts? Who would build rest houses? For the purpose of District government, District Councils or *boards* were elected. These *boards* dealt with the larger questions in which all the municipalities of the Districts were equally interested. The District councils raised money for their work by means of taxes. If they had not sufficient money grants were made to them by the government of the province to which they belonged. Each elected member of these councils usually remained a member for three years. After that he had to be elected again if he wished to remain on the council, or another councillor was elected in his place.

This wise system of local government is the system that is in force at the present day. Every three years there is an election of members to the councils. The great reform that Lord Ripon had in mind when he gave local self-government to India has also now taken shape. Under the new Indian Councils Act of Lord Minto, representatives of the people of India are elected to make laws in the legislative councils of the provinces and presidencies of India, and also in the Council of the Viceroy.

Lord Ripon only remained in India four years. But during that time he gained the love and gratitude of the people of India for the great benefits he had given to them.

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A STORY OF OUR GOVERNMENT

A CENTURY and a half have now passed by since Clive fought the battle of Plassey. Ruler after ruler has come out from England to govern the great empire of India. Each great ruler has done something to make the government better. The beginning of our present system of government was the appointment of collectors by Warren Hastings. Each collector collected the land tax of a District. Over the collectors were the Commissioners, who ruled groups of districts. Over the Commissioners was the Governor-General, aided by his Council. The collectors not only collected the revenue, they were also judges. If the people who brought a case before a collector were not satisfied with the judgment, they could appeal. That is, they could take their case to a higher court, and try to have the collector's judgment set aside or altered. For this purpose two Courts of Appeal were established at Calcutta.

Under the rulers who followed Warren Hastings more and more territory was taken under British rule. At first, in all territories, whether new or old, English officials were appointed. But in later years Indians were given more and more appointments. One of the greatest acts of Lord William Bentinck was to give Indians themselves a greater share in the government of their country. Then Representative Government was introduced into India. I wonder if you know what Representative Government is? In some schools each class has a cricket team. Who governs this team? It is the captain who governs the team. But who elected the captain? The class elected the captain. They voted for the boy who was not only a good player, but also would make a good captain.

But who selects the team when it is going to play a match against another class? It is the committee that selects the players. And how was the committee appointed? Various boys of the class named certain other boys who they thought would make good committee men. The class then voted for the boys whom they wished to be committee men. In this way a committee was *elected* that *represented* the class. Whatever the committee did, whether it selected players for matches, or had the pitch watered, everything it did was done for the class of boys it represented. This is Representative Government in cricket. Representative Government of a country is carried on on exactly the same principle, only on a larger scale. But instead of selecting players, the Government of a country keeps armies to defend the country; it appoints judges, raises revenue, builds railways, carries on the postal service, and does things for the good of the country and the people it represents.

Under Lord Ripon the Self-Government Act of India was passed. This Act was intended to teach the people of India the system of Representative Government in their towns. Afterwards, when people understood it, he hoped that this system would become the system of the government of the whole of India. Under our present Viceroy, Lord Minto, this great reform has been completed. India is now governed by a form of Representative Government. That is to say, the laws of India will be framed by Indians who have been elected by the people of India. They are, therefore, representatives of India, and this form of government is known as Representative Government.

Many changes and improvements in the government of India have taken place at various times. Forest officers have been appointed to see that trees cut down are replaced by young trees. In this way there is no danger of India being left one day without

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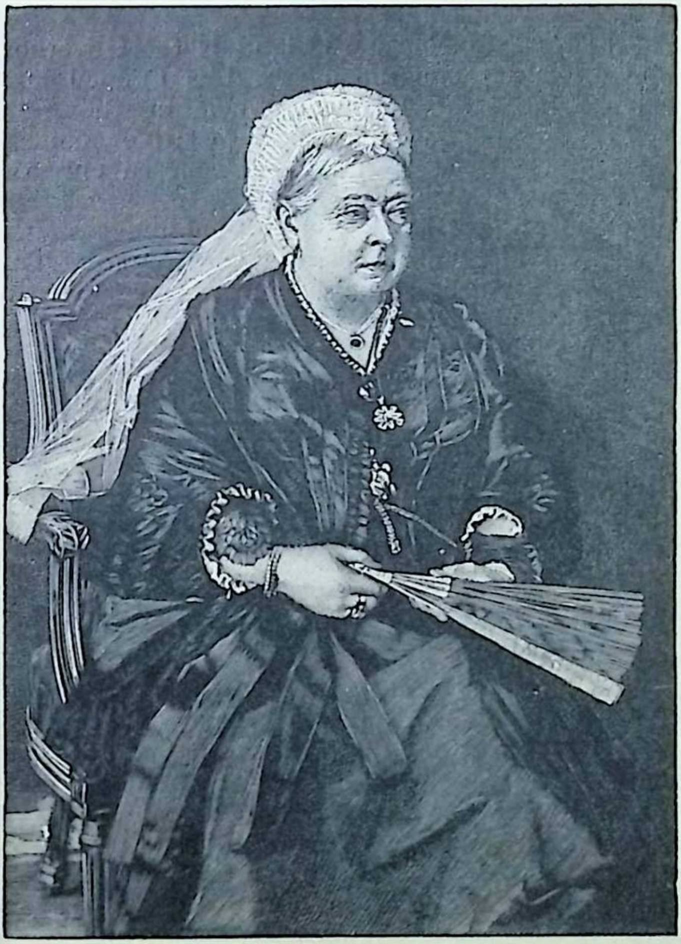
any wood. Police officers have been appointed to command and lead Indian policemen. The duty of the police is to put down crime. Educational officers have been appointed who are entrusted with the education of India. Under these officers schools are made better and better every year. Public Works officers have been appointed. Their duty is to build bridges over rivers, irrigation works, railways, and public buildings. Then there are judges and collectors, whom you know about. There is also the Indian army, trained by British Indian officers to drive away invaders of India. The officers who do these various duties belong to Services. Thus there are the Civil Service, the Forest Service, the Police Service, the Educational Service, the Public Works Department, or Service, and the Army.

The government of each province and presidency is carried on by the Services, over which is the Government. The head of the government of a presidency is the Governor, and of a province the Lieutenant-Governor. Over all the presidencies and provinces is the Governor-General, named the Viceroy, because he represents the King-Emperor in India.

Each Governor and Lieutenant-Governor has a Legislative Council, which advises and suggests new laws to do good to the people of India. Under the Act of Lord Minto, most of the members of these councils will be elected by the Indian public and landholders. So every educated Indian will take an interest in the government of his country. He will read in the newspapers what takes place in the Council. He will read the speech of this or that councillor, and make up his mind which speech he agrees with. Students should also read the newspapers, with the object of learning what is going on in other parts of India. We should all interest ourselves in the law making of our country, for it is our wish to



QUEEN VICTORIA THE GOOD,

WHO PROMISED RELIGIOUS FREEDOM TO THE PEOPLE OF INDIA, AND A SHARE IN THE GOVERNMENT OF THEIR COUNTRY.

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be ever going forward, helping those who need help, holding back those whose acts are bad for the community.

The highest council in the land is the Governor-General's Legislative Council. In this Council laws are made that deal with the whole of the great Indian Empire. The provincial legislative councils, on the other hand, make laws that concern only the province they represent.

You will now have learnt something of the system of Government that rules our Empire. This system cannot be carried on without money. Salaries must be paid to all the Government servants. Money must be supplied for public works. Nothing can be done without money. That is why revenue is raised. We each pay our little share towards the cost of our government. If we cultivate the land, we pay to Government a share of the value of our crops as settled by the Settlement Officer.

Government owns some of the railways of India. These railways make a profit each year, which goes to the revenue of the country. Therefore, every time we travel on a Government railway, we are giving something towards the revenue. The profits on the postal and telegraph services are also added to the revenue. Therefore, every time we send a letter or telegram, we are adding our mite to the revenue of our Empire. How different this is from olden times! Then every piece of revenue was spent by the King. A King who spent a small portion of it on irrigation works or other public service was hailed as a great and good King. Under the British-Indian system of rule the revenue is *all* devoted to the service of the country. We are nowadays like one large family, all contributing by our labour to the general welfare.

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